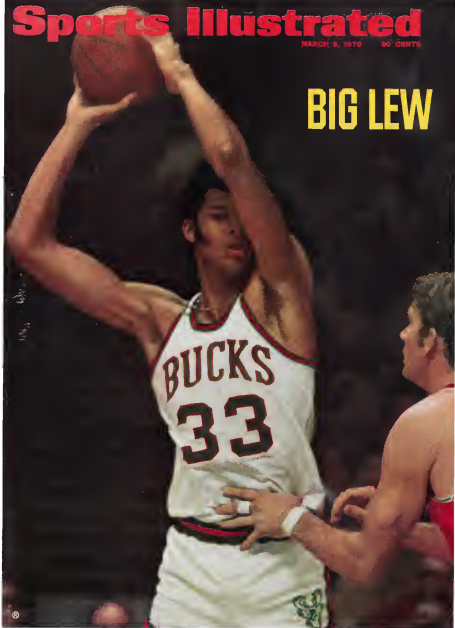


Sports Illustrated

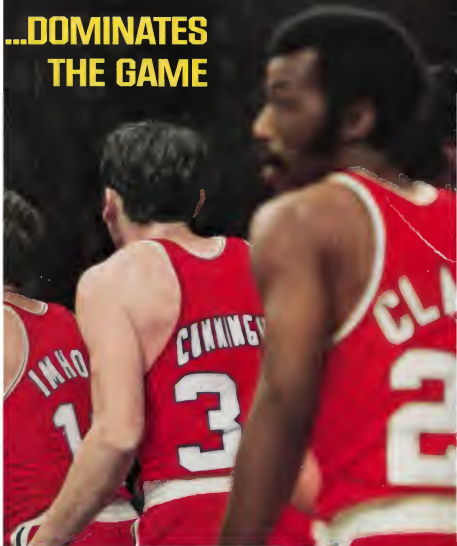
MARCH 9, 1970

90 CENTS

BIG LEW



**...DOMINATES
THE GAME**







(We take the fun of driving seriously.)

Pontiac announces the beginning of tomorrow.

The all-new Firebirds are here.

As usual, it took Pontiac to leap into the future and come through with four totally new sports cars for four totally different drivers.

Firebird. We modestly call this beauty a basic Firebird. It was designed for the driver who wants a sports car, doesn't have lots of cash to spend on one and doesn't want to be reminded of the fact

No reminders here. The basic Firebird has four seats for two reasons. One: more room. Two: a Wide-Track ride that would do an \$8000 sedan proud. (Details to come.)

A 250-cubic-inch engine delivers everything except a giant gasoline bill at the end of the month.

The front end is made of Pontiac **Endura**. Endura is the resilient material that looks like painted metal but isn't. It resists pings, dings, chips and it won't rust.

The brakes are front discs, Rear drums.

And the styling is so clean we even hid the radio antenna.

Seen anything that even suggests

budgeting? You won't. (Well, you check the price.)

Firebird Esprit. (Eyes left. It's the green one.) The luxury Firebird. That's right, luxury. At last, the conflict between luxury and sportiness is over. Esprit has both.

The instrument panel is covered with wood-grain vinyl. Rich. Yet the controls and instruments are all-business. Easy to read. Easy to reach.

We even designed it so any light bulb on the panel can be changed within 60 seconds.

The upholstery is plush knit vinyl and Morokide. Yet every passenger has his own comfortable molded seat.

Which, by the way, gives Esprit the big-car ride we promised to explain. You see, the four seats provide room to raise the drive tunnel between them. So the suspension has more room to travel when you hit a bump. And that's a big-car ride.

A big-car ride. Yet Esprit has all

the handling and maneuverability you expect from a sports car. Amazing that nobody else has done it before. But then we told you Firebird is the beginning of tomorrow.

Firebird Formula 400. (The subtle blue job in the background.) The true enthusiast is convinced that a performance sports car should have front and rear stabilizer bars, a big engine (say, 330-hp 400-cu-in V-8) and a fiberglass hood with scoops that function if you order a Ram Air V-8. Right? Formula 400 does.



Firebird Trans Am.

A rear spoiler.

A spoiler at each wheel well. Air extractors on the front fenders. A front air dam. And a shaker hood with a rear-facing carburetor inlet. They all work. If that doesn't tell you what our ultimate Firebird is, and who it's for, your Pontiac dealer will.



New, even for Pontiac.



If you order lunch on the beach, we'll find you.

But life isn't all papaya and pineapple when you're visiting with the Hiltons in Hawaii.

There's the excitement of things you've always wanted to do. Battling a broadbill off the Kona Hilton, on the Big Island. Riding a surfboard in a curl off the Hilton Hawaiian Village. Tempting the percentages on one of the world's most demanding golf courses, next to the Maui Hilton.

Another kind of life? That's what you expect in Hawaii. And what you get when you stay with the Hiltons. **H**



Come visit the Hiltons.

Call the Hilton Reservation Service in your city or call your travel agent.

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Credits on page 71

Next week

POTSHOT TIME is back and everyone, as usual, is gearing for UCLA. Joe Jans previews the NCAA tournament and predicts hard days ahead for the Bruins in their fight for life.

THE SNARL of the snowmobile is heard throughout the land, and with it comes a growing need for some common sense, says Editor Jack Olson, who snowmobiles—and knows.

GREAT WEALTH has been used wisely by Paul Mellon, collector of sporting art and rare books, a fine horseman himself and owner of Horse of the Year Arts and Letters.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

If the byline on page 36 of this issue sounds unfamiliar, that is because you are a new reader, not because Walter Bingham is a new writer. Walt's byline has been missing from our pages for the past six years because he has been occupying an editorial chair and thus planning and polishing stories that appeared under other writers' bylines. But in the years before, the name Walter Bingham frequently headed stories about baseball, tennis, and, indeed, most every other sport.

Over those years that same name appeared in every category of the masthead at right as Walt advanced from his first job clipping newspapers in the SI morgue in 1955 through successive



rankings as reporter, writer-reporter, staff writer, associate editor and finally senior editor. Just to wrap things up, he even married into the masthead. His wife Betty was an SI reporter.

Born in New Jersey within sight of New York's Empire State Building, Bingham wandered all the way to California to go to college (UCLA) and get his first newspaper job (the defunct L.A. Examiner) before wandering back East again. He was an actively minded desk bound editor, and would occasionally charge north to run in the

Boston Marathon (he was 130th out of 356 in 1966 in about 3:22.35).

Thus it came as no shock when, at the start of this year, Bingham asked to be relieved of his blue pencil to head out into the field again. Ironically enough, he made his first reappearance as a legman hobbling about on a crutch (left). Before going to California for the Bing Crosby with Dan Jenkins (another writing senior editor), Bingham stopped off at a doctor's to have a plantar wart cut out of his foot. The operation, performed with Novocain, was an apparently painless success. Walt felt so good he even packed his running shoes. That night in Carmel, however, the foot began to throb so fiercely he couldn't sleep. But let Walt tell the rest of it himself: "I thought about going home but decided I couldn't face the embarrassment of returning from my first reporting assignment only 24 hours after arriving. Dan drove me to a drugstore that carried crutches, and I rented one. Then Dan and his wife drove me to Pebble Beach, where I hobbled up to the pressroom and sat down, my right foot propped on another chair. Golfers kept coming into the pressroom all day for interviews and I found something out immediately: nobody ever refers a man with a crutch. I'd say 'Hey, Bert' or something, and Yancey or whoever it was would turn around. For just a second you could see on his face that frosty reserve that athletes keep for interviewers they don't want to talk to. Then he would see the crutch and drop his guard. I'd be saying 'Hi Bert, I'm Walt Bingham of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,' and he'd say 'Yeah, hey Walt, what happened?' and the ice would be broken completely. Now I'm considering keeping a crutch in my act all the time."

As you can see by the picture, it does add a certain cachet, and as you can tell by reading Walt's story, it seems to work.

As you can see by the picture, it does add a certain cachet, and as you can tell by reading Walt's story, it seems to work.

Sports Illustrated

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Dick Munro



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Now sit back and wait. With any luck, you may soon be showing them America as you see it. But better be prepared for one surprise.

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Invented by Gillette, this coated edge reduces the pull to a fraction of what it would be without the coating.

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The Gillette Spoilers.



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That's why we've concentrated on building a more reliable copier that works. And works. And works. We're going to take you inside our 675 copier to show you why.

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A lot of copiers have sheet feeding. The trick is to pick only one sheet from the stack and feed it. Sometimes more than one sheet gets fed. Trouble.

Our 675 has roll feeding instead. Smooth, continuous feeding (like an adding machine tape). There's no way to feed more than one sheet at a time. No doubles, no troubles.

Our paper travel was designed for dependability.

Our copy paper doesn't run uphill. Or downhill. Or make any tricky U-turns.

There's a good reason why. When paper goes around a corner, it tends to pick up a little curl. And paper with a curl has

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Safe conduct for your original.

In a lot of copiers, the original goes inside the machine. Sometimes it doesn't come out. Or it gets chewed up.

In the 675 the original always stays outside the machine. Completely safe.

We're not nervous about breakdowns.

The 675 is as jam-proof as a copier

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What about machine features?

What copier features do you need most? You'll probably find them all in the 675. Including the ability to copy from hooks, image offset masters, and copy only the part of the original you need. But we've learned that the feature people want most is reliability. And that's the best thing about our 675.



Our 675 Desk-top Flatbed Copier.

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TV TALK

Boxing's loyalists now gather in theaters to shout their affections for the game

The auto business and the fight game seem to be about the same state of recession in Detroit. The Olympia arena, born in 1927, looked every inch its age the other night. The marquee was about ready for postmortem; movies in Spanish. Long before the fight had started, fossilized candy wrappers formed a carpet from the entrance. There were only 10 others on hand, on the theory that arena fans prefer to seat themselves (at a recent rock event, several were reported to have held their seats at knife-point), and of these 10 at least nine must have been hiding in broom closets. Yet it was somehow like old times, with a sense of fight-night whoopee in the air, as I pined in to watch Frazer-Ellis on closed-circuit TV.

The crowd certainly seemed to belong to another time. The lobby swirled with sports

seems. And afterward at the famous sports bar, Lindell's, the only light talk was about Billy Martin, who had staged one of his more memorable bouts there last summer—the Dave Boswell TKO Outside of that, well, a couple of pro football players had been at earlier and drunk 12 Margaritas in 10 minutes. That was rated as the sports highlight of the evening. There isn't even enough betting interest in these hovering ghost towns to stir up an artificial boom, though a friendly bookie will take down \$50 for old times' sake. Quiet, very quiet.

Yet, if anything is going to bring back boxing, it could be these closed-circuit sessions. It isn't the best picture you ever saw—you can't blow people up to five times life size without getting some fuzz on them, and the light tends to bedings on the long shots—but it's a lot better than the view from the 20th row of Madison Square Garden. There are five color cameras to keep you from getting screened out by a fighter's back, and while the angles were not placed too imaginatively for Frazer-Ellis, the camera work was more than handy on replays and close-ups. The key punches, which always land while you're blinking, were explored exhaustively, until you knew the exact moment when life left the body. And when Angelo Dundee murmured stray nothings to his boy at the end of the fourth round, trying to strike up a Sigmund Freud conversation, a primitive connection, we saw the two faces in agonized pantomime. Ellis fans shouted their own two bits. Nine hundred miles is not too far for thought waves to travel. What matters is not where it's happening but that it is happening now.

Luckily, the din lays a bag over the announcer's head. I knew it must be Howard Cosell when I heard him salute a weary George Foreman with the words, "They're boxing you, George." The only other Cosellisms I picked up were random words like "subliminal" and "horses for courses," and I still have no idea what they referred to. Maybe the ring was muddy.

The din was the story. The fans were as uproarious as if they were on the spot, roaring home real fighters instead of shadows. They cheered the white boy, Peralta, in the prelin, when he seemed to need it. (Stay-aways who think of fight fans as ravenous grandmothers buying for blood would be surprised at how many of them switch to the man who's in trouble.)

There were, all told, 120 of these screenings across the country, some cheer, some God forbid, crammer, and something like 200,000 head of fan in attendance and \$1.1 million gross in the closed-circuit bill—not good, not bad as a payday for Sports Action, Inc. But for fight buffs, the theater TV offered a better angle service than any other sport provides, and a flare in the deepening twilight of pugilism.

—WILFRED SHELDON

Matched set. By Munsingwear.



Dave Lindell

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and spenders; the kind you might have expected to find in a Harlem fight club around 1930: raffishly dressed and ripping with ghostly merriment. Afros and beads were nowhere. The white fans came in twos and threes, burly six-pack men from the pale-face reservations in the inner city. A small-time fight crowd, the last of its kind.

Closed-circuit TV is ideal for their purposes. The price is right—six bucks, range-sale, just enough to keep out the tourists. The atmosphere is fraternal. A rear goes up when Tony Galento is introduced. You'd feel like a fool doing that in your living room. And there is the pleasure of shared knowledge: Everyone howls when a fighter hits on the break. Yeah, I saw it, I saw it. And, mind you, no commercials.

Closed circuit has the further merit of rounding up all the survivors in one place. The arena listed 4,328 admissions, and that could well be the total light fan population of Detroit. The press box was closed—everybody out looking for Denny McLain, it

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

HAPPY ENDING

An extraordinary session of the Washington State legislature was called recently by conservation-minded Governor Dan Evans to consider seven pieces of legislation related to environmental control. Oil, real estate, mining groups and some local officials vigorously objected to the measures, and the legislature reacted predictably: using such devices as contradictory proposals, compromise, tabling, watering down and complete disemboweling, it effectively neutralized the entire program. Legislator Duane Berentson said, "We are being lobbied too hard by these longhairs, these so-called environmentalists." State Senator Perry Woodall added, "There wasn't an environmental bill that couldn't have waited until 1971."

Conservationists were stunned and disheartened, but Governor Evans counterpunched. "I don't think people realize yet that there is a crisis," he said. "They still think it's a problem for bird watchers." He went on television and appealed for help, asking the citizens of the state to let the legislature know their feelings on the conservation measures. The response was immediate and overwhelming. *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* supported the governor, and phone calls and telegrams poured into the state capital. Some legislators were furious, but slowly most of the measures broke free and struggled back to life. When it was all over, the score was five to two, favor of the governor. Passed were a strong bill on oil spills, another on evaluating sites before building nuclear-power plants, a third giving tax relief for open-space land, a fourth controlling strip mining (though not as stringently as the governor wanted) and a fifth creating a state department of ecology. Only a scenic river and shoreline inventory measure and a seacoast management bill didn't make it, and chances were both would go through in the next session. All in all, it was a signal victory for responsible conservation—and for the

democratic process. As William Lloyd Garrison said more than a century ago, "I will be heard."

CHILD'S PLAY

Guess who was the leading hitter in the Sonoza-Sinaloa winter league in Mexico this winter? Orestes (Minnie) Minofo, age 47, batting average .367.

BYU AGAIN

Brigham Young University's beleaguered basketball team, harassed all season by anti-Mormon demonstrations, was subjected to another bad time before its game with the University of New Mexico last Saturday night at Albuquerque (BYU lost, for the 17th time this year, 82-68). The night before the game, bricks and cinder blocks marked BYU were thrown through windows into the homes of several members of the New Mexico athletic department. At the game the trouble started during the flag ceremony. A voice shouted, "Freedom!" and another in the crowd responded, "You've got it." Some students raised clenched fists. Eggs and dog biscuits were tossed from one part of the crowd onto the court, followed by balloons filled with kerosene that splattered BYU's end of the floor. Shouts of "Out, out!" came from spectators who pointed to those who had thrown things, but campus police ignored the plea and instead calmed the booing crowd, while two dozen state police stayed offstage in a runway from the dressing rooms. As janitors and officials cleaned up the mess, the New Mexico players invited BYU to warm up with them at their end of the court. The crowd cheered. After a 40-minute delay the floor was finally ready and, as both state and campus police took up positions in the unruly sector, the game began. A student tossed a policeman's hat onto the court and one more egg was thrown, but otherwise there were no more incidents—except that after four minutes of play about three dozen students from the policed area, almost all

of them white, got up and walked out of the arena.

No arrests were made. A university official said, "We wanted to prevent violence, and I am delighted with the mature way in which the crowd waited and let the police do their job." Neither the university nor the police would put the onus for the disturbances on the Black Student Union, which said its planned demonstration never got started, and student leaders were inclined to blame whites, either radicals or yahoos, who, they said, wanted to stir up trouble.

PEACEFUL INTERLUDE

Late in a tense basketball game between Central Washington State and arch-rival Western Washington, things suddenly erupted into an old-fashioned, non-political brawl. Asked about his role in the fight, Western's NAIA All-America candidate Mike Clayton said, "I kept curling and ducking punches. Then I saw Dave Allen [Central's outstanding guard] doing the same thing, so we kind of went up to each other and looked mean until it was over. He seemed like a pretty nice guy."

FIGHT CITY HALL

You can't say the Government isn't alert. A zoo in Folsom, Calif., was given a bear that veterinarians had nursed back



to health after it had been badly burned in a forest fire. With no great originality but with a sense of the appropriate, the zoo named the bear Smokey. Well, sir, people in Washington heard of this and leaped into action. They told the Folsom zoo that the name Smokey Bear belonged to a bear in the Washington zoo who worked for the Government (\$18 million in public-service advertising was given over to Smokey Bear messages last

year), and that the Folsom bear's name would have to be changed.

"This is terrible, what the Government is doing to us," cried Mayor Jack Kipp of Folsom. "They take all our money and now this. We'll fight all the way to the Supreme Court, if necessary." California State Assemblyman George W. Milas, chairman of the Committee on Natural Resources and Conservation, commented, "It is certainly encouraging that the Federal Government is on the job protecting the public against such flagrant flouting of Federal authority."

Such scathing sarcasm was lost on Mal Hardy, chief of the Department of Agriculture's branch of Cooperative Fire Prevention and director of the Smokey Bear campaign. He said he was prepared to force the issue, if necessary, and pointed out that a 1952 Act of Congress sanctions the Real McCoy Smokey. The only legitimate Smokey Bear is the one in Washington, he said, and added, "Millions of American children would be confused by the existence of two Smokeys."

Assemblyman Milas argued, "What could be more natural than calling a bear Smokey? There has been a significant impact on children visiting the Folsom zoo who actually see the disastrous result of a forest fire on animal wildlife. That was the basic reason for the original Smokey Bear—to warn people against the carelessness which is responsible for 90% of our forest fires."

Another state assemblyman, Leroy F. Greene, commented, "Since Washington didn't consult George when they named their city, we didn't consider it vital to consult them when we named our bear." And he added, "It is incredible to contemplate the bureaucratic mind in action. Nothing is too big for it to attempt. Nothing is too small for it to accomplish."

RED COMPUTER

There is a computer in Italy that appears to be playing football with Communism. The Italian State Radio rented "Red" without knowing its politics and asked it to decide who would win the world soccer championship in 1970.

Computer says: the Mexico City quarter-finals will be among Brazil, West Germany, England, the Soviet Union, Mexico, Italy, Bulgaria and Uruguay; the finalists, whittled down electronically, will be West Germany and the Soviet Union, and the Russians are 2-to-1 fa-

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vorites to beat the Germans. (Remember Stalingrad.) "The machine must be pro-Communist," said one expert. Nonmechanized bookmakers say most bets so far are on West Germany and England.

GROOVING

Like Duke Snider, Jay Kirke, Joe Pepitone and Ed Kranepool, the Professional Bowlers Association continues to have trouble with left-handers. In the final tournament of 1969, the PBA National at Garden City, N.Y., the top three finishers were all left-handed. In a recent PBA tournament at Wichita, Kans. the first nine finishers were lefties. Right-handers say the reason for these disproportionate numbers is the finish on the lanes. After dozens of righthanders have bowled on virtually the same area of a lane during a day of practice and then a day or two of competition, the finish tends to break down. The ball cannot be bowled truly, and the bowlers have to experiment with new angles.

Left-handers, relatively few in number,

have no such problem on their side of the lane. And it is significant that Billy Hardwick, a righthander who won seven major tournaments in 1969 and was named Bowler of the Year, is the only righthander who throws from the extreme edge of the lane, setting his ball down only an inch or so from the gutter, away from the traffic. Yet even Hardwick had trouble at Wichita: he was second in the qualifying round but later, in actual competition, faded to 12th.

No one as yet seems to have come up with a solution to the problem, any more than those batters mentioned above came up with a solution for left-handed breaking pitches. Meanwhile, the left-handers are not complaining at all.

CROWD PLEASER

Notre Dame is leading NYU by nine points in the closing seconds of their game in Madison Square Garden. A Notre Dame boy from New York City named John Gallagher scores on a three-point play—his only points of the night—

just as the game ends. A delighted roar goes up from the stands. Ah, thinks an innocent, the crowd is cheering the hometown boy. No, explains a realist, the crowd is cheering because Gallagher's effort has raised Notre Dame's margin of victory from nine points to 12. The point spread is 10. Oh, New York. Oh, basketball.

THEY SAID IT

• **Ewing Kauffman**, Kansas City Royals owner, explaining tests being given to young players to ascertain their baseball capabilities: "We have discovered what it takes to put a man on the moon, we surely can discover what it takes to put one in the major leagues."

• **Tom Russo**, University of Illinois at Chicago Circle basketball coach, on learning that after four years without one the school will have a new gymnasium next season: "Great, that means I won't have to ask every prospect I see if he has a basket on his garage in case we need a place to practice." **END**

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But they are *not* cigarettes. Because we make them with a special blend that includes imported cigar tobaccos. Aged and cured for mildness and good taste. And the wrapper itself is tobacco sheet. That's why they're called A&C Little Cigars.

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Can you find the Volkswagen hidden in this picture?

If you can, you'll make us very sad.

Because we've troubled ourselves no end to hide it from you.

Our quest for the invisible Volkswagen took us all the way to Turin, Italy.

Where we asked the famous Ghia Studios to design us a sporty Italian body.

They did.

Their drawings clutched tightly in hand, we secretly prowled about Europe for the

best coach builder we could find.

Success. To the Karmann Coachworks of Osnabrück we handed over Ghia's sketches with the injunction:

"Make it beautiful." (Or else.)

They did.

They welded. And burnished. And sculpted. And sanded. And painted.

Until they had shaped in steel what Ghia had shaped in pencil.

Smug in the knowledge that nobody could ever mistake this beautiful car for a Volkswagen, we made it a Volkswagen.

By concealing our air-cooled engine in back. (For better traction.)

And making it go about 26 miles on just one gallon.

Then we gave this Volkswagen its final disguise.



We named it the Karmann Ghia.



THE NAME IS THE NAME OF THE GAME

Here comes skiing, richer than ever. Here come the skiing manufacturers, with brand names and big money. And here comes the inevitable collision between amateurism and the 1972 Olympics by WILLIAM JOHNSON

The crisis has been coming on slowly for years. Everybody who skis knows about it, just as everybody knows that the hills have long been alive with the sound of money. But now, suddenly, maybe because this was the season that hit an altitude commercial high, the glamorous world of Alpine ski racing finds itself deep in trouble. The sport is on a certain downhill collision course with the oldtime principles of amateurism and maybe the biggest barrier of them all: the Winter Olympics.

The outlines of the conflict are clear—and colorful. The manufacturers have moved in with their labels, stickers, bright paint and big pay until all the best racers—and many of the mediocre—are now winding up a year in which they have been paid more than ever before for amateur competition. The price list varies, but it is not uncommon for a racer to draw a \$5,000 salary for using certain skis, \$2,500 for boots, \$2,000 for bindings and \$500 for poles—all this plus bonuses for placing high in the races. The whole scene has taken on a gaudy

surrealism—the finish line of most any race now looks like billboard row, and the next step has got to be neon skis and hoots as soon as somebody figures out a way to make them work.

If there was not so much at stake the whole picture would be pretty funny: every ski racer wears so many decals that he looks like an Indianapolis race car. There are the logotypes as big as sandwich boards across racing bibs, goggle straps, helmets and parkas, and at the finish line the racers thrust their skis eagerly into cameras and onto TV screens for easier reading by the millions. Until recently nobody, but nobody, could hope to outdo Fischer or Sideral for wild ski promotion on the slopes—not with that big black lettering streaming across blazing Day-Glo tangerine backgrounds. But next season America's own Head Ski Co., eager to gain notoriety in the racing world, will come on with its XR-1 slalom ski. The company name will scream forth in a type face usually reserved for a declaration of war—all this across a ski surface painted scaring yellow, orange and red. And all the other skis also have distinguishing marks of their own; the idea is to get them into the pictures—and smile. One more season of this sort of thing and skiers

will be selling ad space on their teeth.

Still, while fun and money games are one thing, the finances now involved in ski racing have grown beyond the locker-room tokenism involved in the Adidas-Puma track-shoe case. This is no mere \$500 wad of hills stuffed into the toe of a ski boot in the dark of the moon. This is big business. The full payroll from factories to amateur racers on the World Cup circuit this season hit well over half a million dollars. And an irony of the sport is that much of this money came over, not under, tables all across the world, that is, with the knowledge and blessings of ski racing's governing body, the Fédération Internationale de Ski.

The FIS, which has provided technical supervision of the Winter Olympics since 1936, has thus steered the sport up against the International Olympic Committee, those Rocks of Ages who still stand guard over the tattered remains of amateurism as it came to be known and loved in the 19th century. The next sound you hear is likely to be the crash when the two meet next May in Amsterdam to talk all this over.

Clearly, the fate of the 1972 Sapporo Olympics is at stake. The FIS seems to be betting that the IOC won't arbitrarily

continued

The idea is to get the ads into the pictures, as shown at the races. In 1972 Head's Bud Stenover plans to get into the act with real flair.

throw out Alpine racing with the commercial wash water, thereby removing from the Olympics its most glamorous events. But even if the Games are held as scheduled, it would seem likely that all of the best racers on the FIS tour must be tossed out on their crash helmets under Olympic Rule No. 26. The rule says, in nice, clear words: "An amateur is one who participates and has always participated in a sport as an avocation without gain of any kind." Further "official interpretations" of the rule plug up all the other loopholes: no prize money over \$50, no capitalizing commercially on products, no expense money over actual outlays, the works. So—presently—scratch all the top ski racers whose names are now household words. No way they are going to be able to pass that amateur litmus test. Scratch Karl Schranz, with that great, big Kneissl Ski

Co. star on his helmet, with labels plastered all over his gear and his appearance in newspaper and magazine ads. Scratch all the other big-name, high-paid amateurs.

How did skiing get itself into this mess? What happened is that, late last spring, delegates to the FIS from 33 nations convened in Barcelona. And amid the usual waterfalls of toasts and oratory, they voted in a new, surprisingly elastic rule defining eligibility of FIS ski racers. No longer would the FIS outlaw arrangements for payment between manufacturers and skiers. No longer would the FIS outlaw deals in which racers could appear in advertisements or promotions. To keep it all at least a little realistic, the FIS ruled that such arrangements would have to be approved by the national federation to which the racer belonged and that all money paid

should pass through the federations before going to individual racers.

Wonderful. Everything was now up on top of the table where the FIS felt it belonged. But, as everybody now knows, the action opened a grand commercial Pandora's box of inequities, for each nation could bring to its bargaining its own sense of morality—which isn't exactly the same thing in every country.

It is noteworthy—and a little ironic—that the first nation to be caught in the commercial net was the U.S. Along came two ski racers—the marvelously promising Hank Kashiwa and Rick Chaffee—with signed contracts. Both agreements were made openly, with full approval of the naive U.S. Ski Association and the FIS. But when the U.S. Olympic Committee heard about the contracts it promptly declared both youths unfit for Olympic competition. Plainly, Kashiwa and Chaffee are the innocent victims of some bureaucratic bungling, some misunderstandings and an accident of history that puts them in the middle of the coming collision.

Meanwhile, having set the course for the crash, the FIS passed the buck to its president, Marc Hodler, a generally sensible and nicely polished attorney from Bern. Hodler would take on a mission of greatest import: he was to travel from Barcelona to Warsaw, find Avery Brundage and the IOC meeting there and convince them that the FIS action was not only in the best interest of sport, but also that it would not shatter the fragile principles of amateurism as viewed by the IOC.

Perhaps this was a mission impossible to start with. But Marc Hodler can be a very wise man and when he made his case to Brundage, he presented it with aplomb, logic, even eloquence: "My policy to the committee was that skiing has time limits like no other sport," recalled Hodler. "Boys must leave home for 10 months a year, they must seek snow to train and they must buy high-priced equipment. They need time to excel, and I told Avery Brundage that we must have this point recognized and that the boys must be compensated for their time. I told Avery that a boy must be compensated for losing his career. While he trains and races, others of his

KNEISSL—der Welt erste Fabrik für Kunststoffski



WELTCUP-SIEGER KARL SCHRANZ

News photo? No. It's an ad for Kneissl. The rules say no, but Schranz does it anyway.

age move ahead of him. But it is not like running track; a skier cannot work in an office by day and train after hours.

"I also tried to explain to Avery that the commercial interests are the reason skiing has so many problems. No other sport in the world has grown so fast: we have a civilization of millions who ski. No other sport in the world—not even yachting or golf—has so much money spent on it. I told Avery, 'Your theory of a sport is 100,000 people looking at an event in a stadium and the only ones running are 22 men and some referees and no one in the stadium is interested in doing anything but watching the game. They do not want to pay money to *play* the game, only to watch.' Our trouble, I told Avery, is that so many millions practice our sport and it is a massive industry now and the temptations for manufacturers are extreme. And I told Avery that if we could control the manufacturers' temptations by having them go legally through our national federations, we might do away with much of the hypocrisy that has plagued us. I told him that, with the federations' contracts, the manufacturers would feel secure that the boys would not run out on using their equipment. And if they felt secure, they would stop spending all Sundays and Mondays after the races in pure belbery to guarantee that they would keep their racers on their products."

Avery Brundage was not greatly moved by either the truth or the beauty of Marc Hodler's plea. However, Brundage did not immediately declare in Hodler's hearing that the entire statement was utterly heretical. Instead he harrumphed a bit. This was born the wishful delusion that perhaps Brundage had agreed.

And thus it was that the USSA, in good faith and only after ponderous huffing and puffing about the propriety of it all, went ahead and approved the contracts for Kashiwa and Chaffee. The organization had somehow convinced itself that the FIS ruling had really passed the IOC test for amateurism—although it failed to take the simple precaution of phoning the USOC and asking. Ironically, the Chaffee contract with A&T Ski Co., manufacturer of the K-2 Skis, provided \$2,000 plus research facilities that would lead to Chaffee's master's degree thesis. The other was a \$5,000 deal between Kashiwa and Head Ski Co.

with no visible strings attached: Kashiwa was not required to race on Head Skis, only to test them.

But one should not bet against the Victorian instincts rampant among Olympic officials. Word of the contracts last October was passed to Arthur Lentz, executive director of the Olympic Committee. Lentz went to Brundage to ask if there had been some misunderstanding—could these contracts in any way meet the Olympic eligibility rules? Of course not, replied Brundage, and he fired off a doughty directive saying that in no way had there been any change in the standards of Olympian amateurism.

So Lentz had the word straight from the source and his course was clear: "Hank Kashiwa and Rick Chaffee are ineligible for the 1972 Olympics at this moment. We are proceeding under strict interpretations of the IOC eligibility rules. We will not equivocate. We cannot do it for skiing or we will have to do it for all sports. I'm sorry. It is unfortunate about Kashiwa and Chaffee. I have other names, too, of American skiers who will have to be thoroughly investigated before I will sign to certify their Olympic eligibility. I certainly will not perjure myself. These are the rules and if no one—Mr. Hodler or Mr. Walters [Earl Walters, president of the USSA]—made any attempt to get things clear before this happened, that is really too bad."

The USSA reaction to this decision also was too bad. Predictably panicky and resolutely unrealistic, the association promptly stuck its head into the snow last fall and now refuses to even discuss any contracts with U.S. team members. It has been reported that several pending contracts have now disappeared from the USSA files in Denver. And what has been the result of it all? Are U.S. ski racers now clean of manufacturers' cash and shorn of illicit income?

"Hell, no," says Bob Lange, the outspoken president of the super-booming Lange Co. of Broomfield, Colo. "The only skiers on the whole FIS circuit that I have to pay under the table are Americans. They deserve the dough as much as anyone else but, by God, the only way to pay them is on the sly. Talk about hypocrisy."

Lange, incidentally, is that rarest of birds among ski equipment manufacturers—a man willing to freely discuss the shadowy details of paying amateurs. Ef-

fusive and ambitious, Lange, 42, has a restless, dashing men that falls just short of an Errol Flynn swashbuckle. A nouveau millionaire as a result of the wild success of his plastic boot, he is currently deeply involved in a professional skiing circuit, having contributed \$50,000 for prize money in a race at Vail this month. Even if his experiences are not perfectly typical of the chaotic milieu in ski racing today, they offer a fascinating insight into the realities of it all:

"During the 1968 Olympics I was paying no one at all. And there were maybe 50% of the kids on my boot. Karl Schranz came on for nothing—not one farthing—he just came and asked to use the boot. We said no pay and he said he had to have it even though it meant sending several thousand dollars back to another ski boot company to get out of his contract. Until this season I never had to pay anyone to use my boot. Well, I did give Nancy Greene a \$1,000 bonus after the World Cup in 1968. I don't think I ever paid anyone before that. But in the last couple of years everyone started paying so damned much that I started losing racers and I had no choice but to get in and complete with a bankroll.

"Now, of course, you have no guarantee that there'll be anybody using your equipment unless you pay the price. The basic price for a fairly good male skier on a boot is \$2,500, plus prize money. There is a base of about \$750 for first place, \$500 for second, \$300 for third. Some—like Schranz—cost a lot more. I remember I offered Karl \$5,000 in Waterville Valley last year. He said, 'I like your product and I'd like to, but . . .' I offered him a hair more than the \$5,000, but, no, he went back to his old company again for a lot more. We pay something like 30 different guys. Generally, they average \$2,000 or so for using the boots. I go down the FIS points list, looking at the standings, and say go or no-go on skiers I want on the boot. To get a really top guy on boots runs \$5,000 and about the same—maybe \$1,000 or so more—for skis.

"I guess our whole racer program, including free equipment and service people, costs \$250,000 a year. People wonder why we go to such trouble and expense to get kids on our products. Partly it's the implied—or real—endorsements. But don't forget our racers are

continued

testing our products and we can't improve without them."

Whatever a manufacturer's justification for paying racers, it can be quite a prosperous scene for any young man who can race like a dream. It is a bit iffy to generalize on amounts earned, but it is certain that none of the top 15 or 20 racers on the FIS World Cup tour are paid less than \$6,000 a year. The top half dozen get between \$10,000 and \$25,000. Austria's splendid Spartan Schranz, who has won more races than many youths now competing against him have entered, is simply in a class by himself. Some guess his income as high as \$60,000 a year plus stock options in the ski firm of Franz Kneissl, plus a low-interest government loan on his lovely hotel in St. Anton. But no one knows, and Schranz, who has said he will retire this year, will only admit to making \$200 a month from Kneissl.

Except for the Americans, hapless and perhaps conscience-stricken, each national federation has some kind of channel for arranging its deals between manufacturers and skiers. Perhaps the French have the best system, but penetrating their network is about as tough as cracking the NKVD squad at the Kremlin. ("Eef I tell you about money, monsieur," said a saucer-eyed French lady in the know, "they will bring back the guillotine.") Anyway, the French are rigid in their restrictions of equipment brands their skiers may use (French-made products only, if you please). The kids are paid a base salary, plus a little more for each FIS standing, plus some prize money. The average annual income for a good (but not great) French racer is \$7,500. Some, such as Patrick Russel or Jean-Noel Augert or Alain Penz or perhaps Henri Duvidual, who have fashioned a long string of victories or have struck a particularly good deal with a manufacturer (one of them gets \$8,000 for his skis alone), can take in perhaps twice that much in a year.

Swiss skiers make their own deals and are famed for jumping products, depending on price; one top Swiss changed bindings recently when he was offered more money than he was getting for both skis and bindings (meaning, on the average, \$7,000).

Italian skiers can negotiate only through their federation and they are summarily fired from the team if they do not use the equipment they contract-

ed for. Gianni Munari, a boot manufacturer who is one of nine board members of the Italian federation, said that young Gustav Thöni should easily collect \$10,000 through the federation this season. However, given the Italian incentive formula for FIS points and high-placement prize money, Munari said Thöni might have won \$20,000 if he had done better at the Val Gardena world championships and if he had won a couple of other races this year.

The Austrians, it is said, strike their own bargains—just so the home ministry is guaranteed its cut. Austria, of course, is the turf of Franz Kneissl. "I employ eight racers and they get a very good salary, but I would never tell anyone how much it is," he said. "They test skis for me because ski racing and development go hand in hand. I pay them well, but the FIS should officially recognize this situation and just

not allow it to be this way. I would say I spend 10 million Austrian schillings [about \$400,000] on ski racing and promotion."

These are weird and demented days along the old downhill trails. There seems to be a salesman behind every tree, a cash register at every slalom gate. Never have the gaudy forces of commercialism been quite so incessant or so strong—or so blatantly undisguised. As a result, every racer has become a finish-line thrill.

But the pervasive influence of the manufacturer has imbedded itself even deeper in ski racing than the banners on the mountain show. For there also is the Racer-Chaser.

Once upon a time, when symbols were simpler and words meant what they seemed to mean, the term referred to flocks of silly, lovely girls who followed ski racers around Europe. Now, a Racer-

AGREEMENT BETWEEN MARK C. KASHINE AND HEAD SKI COMPANY, INC.
EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT

The Head Ski Company agrees to pay Mark C. Kashine a yearly salary of \$5,000 for his services to Head Ski Company. This salary will be paid in 10 equal installments over a ten month period commencing September 1. The payment schedule will be as follows:

September	\$500.00	February	\$500.00
October	500.00	March	500.00
November	500.00	April	500.00
December	500.00	May	500.00
January	500.00	June	500.00
TOTAL:	\$5,000.00		

Mark C. Kashine will be used as a product development advisor, product tester, and management adviser. He will not be used for endorsement, direct advertising, publicity or a purpose not in agreement with the public interest.

Mark C. Kashine will not be responsible for the return of rental equipment should it be stipulated by the Manager of Event Services. Generally, all HSKCO equipment is on a one year loan.

We, the undersigned, agree to the terms of this contract and consider it to be legal and binding.

Mark C. Kashine
Mark C. Kashine

[Signature]
James McCreary, Manager - Event Services
Head Ski Company

They hadn't figured it would happen—but this \$5,000 contract between promising young racer Mark Kashine and the Head Ski Co. has made him ineligible for the 1972 Olympics.

Chaser is a man—one of a battalion of factory-dispatched agents who tags along from summer camp to summer camp, from mountain to mountain, to do the technical work of servicing the equipment that racers use. In all, there are perhaps 100 Racer-Chasers at all major competitions. They are easy to spot, for they tend to travel with product names printed in large letters across their backs. They also create a full street clutter of garishly painted trucks, vans and wagons whenever they descend. Easily the most obtrusive vehicle among them belongs to the Head Ski Co. It is a large, house trailer-size van that is painted with the same blazing yellow and orange stripes as the new XR-1 ski. When parked in one of those quaint villages of the Alps it stands out like a fire truck in the churchyard.

Racer-Chasers have gained astonishing influence on the circuit. "I choose all the waxes for my racers," said Gerard Rubaud, chief Chaser for Rossignol skis. "I have my own instruments for testing the snow, and I do not consult about wax with the racers or their coaches." In the dear dim days past, serious racers refused to let anyone else even touch their skis—let alone share in the mystical secrets of choosing wax. Nowadays, kids simply drop their skis off at dusk with the cheerful Chaser, who then slaves far into the night, laboring over a hot pot of wax like a well-paid Rumpelstiltskin to prepare the skis for the next day.

During race starts the mountainsides simply swarm with manufacturers' representatives. Their sheer numbers are stunning enough. But it is also as often as not a man from a boot or binding factory who whispers last-second instruction and inspiration to a skier—not the skier's coach. Chasers claim they stay away if a team coach insists, but there is often a clear conflict of influence around a team, especially since many of the factory agents are ex-coaches. During part of the World Cup tour last month the U.S. team was startled in a difficult situation in which the official coaches for this season—Don Henderson for the men and Dennis Agee for the women—were outnumbered by 1968 U.S. coaches who now represent commercial concerns—Gordy Eaton, Chuck Ferries and Hank Tauber. Each of them quite openly advised and coached members of both the men's and girls' teams.

Perhaps all this commercialism on the slopes wouldn't seem so bizarre if everyone would speak right out and admit what it means: open exploitation of the sport by manufacturers. Some do. H. Kent (Bud) Staener, marketing manager of Head, is an outspoken sort of salesman and he declares quite flatly: "Every move we make—including our contracts with skiers and the promotions we can generate out of them—is designed to make a profit."

Billy Kidd, America's fine gold medalist at Val Gardena, now turned pro, says, "What I am afraid of is that young kids might become confused and hurt themselves by the decisions they are forced to make with all these temptations around. When a manufacturer tries to get you on his skis by offering a few thousand dollars more, you have to keep it in perspective. You have to remember that it's only a few thousand bucks. You have to remember that you are skiing to win races, because skiing is your life and it's all you know. And, after all, a few thousand bucks can't be enough to buy that from you."

The FIS does not like to put things quite so boldly. Marc Hodler now prefers to define the situation as representing "new principles of amateurism" which is as gutsy a bit of euphemistic acrobatics as anyone has failed to get away with in a long, long time. To compound the absurdity, Hodler speaks wishfully of a day when a "strong professional ski circuit" will come along to "skim off our older amateur champions to make room for younger men at the top." Well, Bob Beattie, tireless promoter and former U.S. ski team coach, has just launched what he hopes will become precisely that kind of pro circuit. Though Beattie has the essential support of ABC-TV, the project has not come without pain. He is quick to perceive the ironies inherent. "Isn't it a hell of a note when you have to work like a dog to make a professional sport out of a professional sport?" It happens that one of the possibly immovable obstacles to a viable professional ski program is the fact that Beattie may have trouble raising enough money to guarantee pro skiers as much as they have become accustomed to earning as amateurs.

Perhaps as sensible and laud as anyone on the ski scene is Dr. Amos R. Little, a doughty general practitioner from Helena, Mont. For nine years he has



Nothing has changed, growled Brunlage

been a U.S. delegate to the FIS and he has watched this situation grow from its beginning. Dr. Little puts it this way: "It's a mess now. I'll tell you that. But in the FIS we have turned our backs on reality almost as much as the IOC has. We go around calling them names, but we have passed the buck to the national federations and let them set eligibility standards we should set ourselves. Sure, we're facing a schism. Should we be in the Olympics because of their beautiful tradition and beautiful idealism? And do we have to stay in this condition of hypocrisy and self-delusion to do it? Or do we stand up and be counted? Look: the only reason the FIS won't declare what we're doing as 'open racing' is because we're afraid of what the IOC will say. It looks like a confrontation is inevitable... and I really don't think we should try to avoid it any longer. Maybe we'll end up with something like FIS amateurs and Olympic amateurs and we'll just ask everyone to declare themselves before they race. I don't know what we should do. Except there's no point in letting all this hypocrisy go on."

True enough—even if the price is the Winter Olympics of 1972. **END**

PUSSYCAT ON A QUICK COLD RINK

On a racy Wisconsin weekend green-eyed Leah Poulos won an unexpected medal from the powerful Russians and Dutch in her—and this country's—first ladies world speed skating championship by WILLIAM F. REED



Run off something like the ladies world speed skating championship for the first time and you draw the really big girls. The sight of them, those dedicated women from such icy places as The Netherlands and Russia, normally would be enough to scare an American teeny-bopper right out of her minkoat. After all, the Russians and Dutch always win. So when they assembled in West Allis, Wis. last weekend to skate for some of the toughest medals in sport it was nice to have fearless Leah Poulos, 18, of Northbrook, Ill. on our side.

All week long Leah had been doing her own special kind of training. On Wednesday night, for instance, she and Ard Schenk, the handsome men's world champion from The Netherlands, climbed into her sister's bright yellow 1969 Saab Ray and took off for the Playboy Club lodge at Lake Geneva. Leah sipped a little of Ard's gin and 7-Up and tried to show him how to dance the Popcorn. Said Leah, tossing her long brown hair and blinking her big green pussycat eyes, "I just don't get that excited before a meet. Oh, sure, I'll start psyching up all right—at about 1 p.m. Saturday."

Like almost any other winter Saturday in Wisconsin, it came up gray with snow flurries and a steady, biting wind. Speed skating is run in pairs, and in the first group for the 500 meters, standing tall and confident, was Ludmila Titova of Russia, the European and Olympic champion. Ludmila is an aviation engineer, but her real profession is skating. At the Grenoble Olympics she was the only Russian speed skater to win a medal as the newly powerful Dutch excelled, and she was not about to lose her title in the U.S.A. Striding with precision, she whipped across the finish line in 45.38 seconds, not a world record (44.58) or an Olympic record (45.0) but fast enough. Now the rest of the world's best sprinters—Atje Keulen-Deelstra of The Netherlands, America's Dianne Holm, Sivgrd Sundby of Norway and Tatiana

Leah leans into a sprint swift enough for a silver medal in the world 500-meter finals.

Sidorova and Nina Statkevich of the U.S.S.R.—churned around the rink, but they could not beat Ludmila's time.

Then came Leah. She was paired with another of those quick Russians, Tatiana Averina, but Leah wasn't worried. Putting on her favorite blue-green cap and her red "fast gloves," Leah went out and skated the 500 in 45.73—her best time ever in her first world-championship race and good enough to win a silver medal for second place. Leah was snuffing a little as she caught her breath afterward. "Gosh," she said, "I didn't know I had gone that fast."

Leah's performance knocked Dianne Holum from third place to fourth, costing her a bronze medal, but Dianne came right back in Saturday's second event, the 1,500 meters, and set an American record with a clocking of 2:26.1. Then four flyers from The Netherlands—Ans Schut, Stien Kaiser, Reneko Demming and Mrs. Keulen-Deelstra—pushed her back into fifth place. Dianne was undismayed, for she finished the day in fourth place in the overall point standings, and suddenly everyone was talking about these surprising Americans.

On Sunday the 1,000 meters ended in a tie between Ludmila and Sigrid for the gold medal. Possessing only one, the officials gave it to the Norwegian and told Mrs. Titova she would get hers in the mail. She was not happy about that, and sadder still a bit later when she slipped and skudded out of the running in the final event, the 3,000. Ultimately, the winner of that race was Ans Schut. The overall title went to Mrs. Keulen-Deelstra, who was fourth in the 3,000, while plucky Dianne Holum finished sixth, and fourth overall.

The American skaters' good showing more than made up for the assorted troubles of the previous week. Every day or so, it seemed, the visitors had a new complaint. The crowds were too small, there was too much wind blowing in off Lake Michigan, it was too cold, the rink was being polluted by smoke from nearby factories or exhaust fumes from an expressway.

Philip Krumm, president of the United States International Skating Association, had used all his powers of persuasion to get the meet in the first place. Krumm appealed to the International Skating Union's adventuresome spirit: Wouldn't a trip to the U.S. be fun for a change? Then its sympathies: the pres-

tige of a world championship would encourage young skaters and give the U.S. program a boost. Finally, he mentioned dough. The U.S. would not only charter a jet to bring the skaters over, it would pay for hotel accommodations and give each skater \$6 a day for meal money. Krumm also proposed a new series—the international sprint championships—which were held at West Allis the weekend before the women's worlds.

Actually, the American officials' only serious *foux pas* came on the first day of the sprints, when they nearly allowed the ice to melt. What happened, apparently, was that somebody had turned off the compressors that keep the rink frozen, and by the time they were restarted the sun had softened the ice. The sprints were postponed five hours.

As it happened, the Russians were quite happy about the delay. Had the competition started on time, Titova, Vera Krasnova and Sidorova would have missed it. They got stuck in an elevator at Milwaukee's Sheraton-Schroeder Hotel where the team was staying and were trapped for a while because they were unable to read the posted emergency directions.

This year's American alternates were Mary Saxton, 16, and Ann Henning, 14. Like Leah and Dianne they are from Northbrook, which is not a coincidence. Besides having its own ice rink, a summer bike-riding program for conditioning and one of America's few qualified coaches, Ed Rudolph, Northbrook is close enough to West Allis for the skaters to go there regularly for precious practice time on the only Olympic-sized artificial rink in this hemisphere.

"I've seen your girls," said one of the Dutch coaches, "and with training and coaching they will be among the fastest in the world. You have so many great little girls. Our girls that age are not nearly as good as Henning."

Of the Northbrook girls, Leah alone is not coached by Rudolph, but by her father, and this had led to touchy situations. "She should be training three times harder," Rudolph said, "but she is a very attractive girl and she loves boys."

Don't worry, Ed. As Mary Saxton says, "She's serious when she's on that line." And as for the fearsome opposition, Leah Poulsen puts it this way: "All Russians look alike to me." **END**

Russia's foremost performer was Ludmila Titova, first in the 500 and 1,000 meters.



LEW TURNS SMALL CHANGE TO BIG BUCKS

A drag on the court, at the gate and in the hearts of its fans, Milwaukee was transformed by the arrival of one man, and his influence pervades all pro basketball

by **TEX MAULE**

When the Milwaukee Bucks and the Phoenix Suns flipped a coin for first choice in the NBA draft last March, Lew Alcindor was the obvious prize. The Suns called heads, the flip came up tails, and in Milwaukee where Wes Pavalon, the principal owner of the Bucks, and John Erickson, the vice-president and general manager, were listening to the result by telephonic Pavalon embraced Erickson so exuberantly that he jammed his lighted cigarette into Erickson's ear.

"It stung a little, but I didn't notice it," Erickson said recently. "I didn't care, once we had Lew."

His enthusiasm is understandable. The Bucks, with no Alcindor, finished in the cellar last season; this year they are in second place. With six home games to go in the regular-season schedule as of last week, gate receipts were \$1.2 million—more than twice the \$546,537 total for the entire 1968-69 season. And this year there will be playoff money, too. Milwaukee attendance is about 3,000 more per game than last year, despite the fact that the top price for tickets was raised from \$5 to \$7. The Bucks' receipts are the NBA's third highest, behind only New York and Los Angeles,

both of which have far more seats than the Milwaukee Arena's 10,746.

Stock in the Bucks—traded over the counter—has gone from \$5 to somewhere between \$12 and \$13 a share. In the bars in Milwaukee, during the sore months from January to September, talk used to turn on how the Green Bay Packers would do in the year to come. Last week bartenders and customers alike were more concerned with whether or not the Bucks could 1) catch the Knicks before the season ends or 2) win the playoffs in any case. The rise in receipts, the jump in the stock, the shift





Alcindor's explosive reaction to victory over the Knicks dispels any notion of a lack of desire raised by his calm demeanor during games.

in the talk—all have been caused by the presence of one man.

Lew Alcindor is not the first of the magnificent giants of basketball, but he is easily the best today and will soon be the best ever. He will not change the style of the pro game, because Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell have already done that with similar though lesser physical endowments. But he dominates it (*see cover*)—every game in which he plays—and the thoughts of rivals before and after they meet him.

Long before Alcindor graduated from UCLA last year, pro basketball had

made the rule changes dictated by the size of Chamberlain and the virtuosity of Russell. The restraining line under the basket had been widened and offensive goaltending was forbidden. Lew himself had changed college basketball, taking away its most spectacular offensive weapon; the NCAA made it illegal to dunk the ball, since Alcindor could dunk without leaving his feet. Still, there are no rules which can effectively inhibit a man like Alcindor.

"He may be the first of the 7-foot basketball men," says his teammate, Fred Crawford. "He can dribble and make

moves that no big man ever made before. Russell could dribble straight down the floor, but Lew can bring the ball down and handle it and give you fakes, and no one his size could ever do that.

"If all Lew had to do was play defense, he could do it as well as Russell. He has all Bill's quickness and he's much talker. Offensively, he's a better shot than Chamberlain and he moves. Wilt used to go into the post and lean on people, and when he leaned you couldn't do much about it. Lew's not that strong, but he can put the ball down and beat you with speed and agility, and Cham-

continued



When Lew releases his soft, accurate hook, the ball will be far out of Willis Reed's reach.

berlain couldn't do that. And he has more shots than Wilt. I think that banning the dunk when he was in college may have been the best thing that happened to him. It took away an easy shot for him, but it made him learn other shots, and now he's a versatile shooter. And in the pros he can still dunk the ball."

Guy Rodgers, who played six seasons with Chamberlain and 11 against Russell, and who, at 34, is playing out his string with Milwaukee, feels that Alcindor is unfortunate in not competing against the other giants. (Russell is retired, Chamberlain has been out most

of the year because of a knee operation and Nate Thurmond, also injured, has said he may never play again.) "Lew would have learned a lot against the Goliaths," says Rodgers, "and the fans would have seen some great old pros and the heir apparent. Lew would have looked even better against great centers. He still has competition from a center like Willis Reed—a guy who is all fire and brimstone. But I would have liked to see him with Russell and Chamberlain, too."

"He's agile and flexible, and he can play a low or a high post, so we have patterns both ways. And he's great at set-

ting up a play from a defensive rebound. He can lead you with a pass to start a break as well as anyone.

"On defense you play differently with him in there. He's no Russell yet, but Russell was the greatest defensive player who ever lived. The Celtics depended on him so much that the other players didn't play defense as well as they could. K. C. Jones could have been even better than he was, but in Russell he had the Great Eraser behind him and he could take risks he wouldn't take normally. That's what we have in Lew. We take chances because we know Lew is there."

Gambling on defense may not make the Bucks better individual players, but the tactic can drive a rival team to distraction and to neglect of its normal style. On offense, each Milwaukee player also has an added edge over his defender because of Lew—every opponent has to give part of his attention to the big man. And when he is double-teamed, Alcindor hits the open Buck, often with a pass thrown like a baseball.

The problem of how to handle Alcindor has spread headaches around the league. The Lakers do as well as any team, but not because they have their own 7-footer, Mel Counts, to play Lew man-for-man. Laker Coach Joe Mullaney makes no secret of his strategy, possibly because it is only occasionally effective. "We try to keep their guards coming down the middle of the floor," says Mullaney. "If you let them come down the sidelines, with Lew playing a low post on one side or the other, you're dead. Once the pass gets in to him, it's two points. So we make them come down the middle, put Counts in front of Lew and keep him from getting the ball. And we give Counts help."

In a recent game, against this strategy, Lew gave Counts a quick fake one way, rolled the other way with two swift, mincing steps, took a pass from a teammate and went up to dunk the ball. The move was deceptive and graceful. When he is allowed to take the pass from a guard at the sideline, his move is just as quick and deceptive. Then he lifts himself easily and shoots a surprisingly soft, accurate hook that comes from so high that no one can block it.

"I got caught in a switch once under the basket when he shot that hook," says Crawford. "I looked up to see where the ball was, and Lew's hook looked

continued



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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

like it was coming down from outer space."

When he is moving to the basket Lew's power is a weapon in itself. Last week, against Baltimore, he received a pass behind Wes Unseld and went in for a stiff shot, and Kevin Loughery rashly decided to get in his way. As Lew leaped, his right knee—drawn up—slammed into Loughery's rib cage. It was five minutes before Loughery recovered sufficiently to be helped out of the Arena. He spent four nights in the hospital with three broken ribs and one cracked rib.

In the same game Baltimore's Ray Scott, who is 6' 9", got off a jump shot over the outstretched hand of Milwaukee's Don Smith, also 6' 9". As the ball cleared Smith, Alexandor was five feet further away from Scott but he soared straight up and blocked the shot. And he did it with so much force that he knocked the ball from the free-throw area back over the midcourt line.

So far this year Alexandor has played nearly 150 minutes longer than anyone else in the league. It is an indication of his stamina and ability to take constant hutzering, despite the fact that centers,

traditionally, have impressive playing-time records. Milwaukee Coach Larry Costello explains: "It's easier for a center to last. They come down the middle of the court and they don't move as much as guards or forwards. They're only about half as active. But Lew is different. He's probably the most active center in the game. He moves from a low to a high post, from one side of the lane to the other. He brings the ball downcourt when he has to. He exerts far more energy than most big men. Even when we get the ball in to him on the post, he herky-jerks around and uses moves—not just muscle—to work in. But he doesn't get tired. You know a funny thing? He's gained weight during the season."

Probably because of the hectic pace, Alexandor has yet to evaluate the impact pro basketball has had on him. "I came into it with an open mind," he said the other day in a hotel room that looked undersized for his 7-foot-plus, 230-pound frame. "I didn't think I'd be able to play as much as I have, but that was because I believed what I had heard about how tough it was. I don't know

if it is as much fun as college ball—I'll have to reflect on the season when it is over before I can decide. Right now, it's hard work. I didn't expect to be able to take the pressure day in and day out. I've already played almost as many games this year as I played in all three years at UCLA, but I'm not tired. I've learned to take a breather now and then and get back into the flow of the game. I took those notes from Bill Russell. I used to watch him, and sometimes he wouldn't even come downcourt when the ball changed hands. He knew the game very well.

"I wish I could have played more against a guy like Nate Thurmond. I played against him three times, and it was like a laboratory. I didn't pick up much from him, because he doesn't play the same way I do, but I learned things about my own game—the good things and a few faults—and the mistakes I make against a player like him.

"I didn't learn anything from Chamberlain the one time I played against him. I used to watch him when I was a kid, and I had this picture of him in my mind as Superman. Then I played against him for the first time in the Maurice Stokes Benefit Game—and he isn't. I can't learn from him because he is so different from me. You always know what he is going to do, but he is so strong, you can't keep him from doing it. I learned a lot about defense watching Russell. I'd watch the way he positioned himself for rebounds and the way he blocked shots, and it helps.

"I got psyched by the officials early on blocking shots," he adds frankly. "I got a lot of calls for goaltending, and I got to the point for a while where I wouldn't even try to block a shot. I'd just try to maneuver for position and get the rebound and let my man shoot. You have to overcome that, but it isn't easy to do. I'm trying to do it now, but I still get goaltending calls. I can't judge if I have improved on that or anything else yet because I can't look at myself objectively. Someone who saw me early in the season and didn't see me again for a long time is in a better position to make that judgment."

One rival who prefers anonymity has made it, quite succinctly: "He's a whole new force. He doesn't even know how good he can be. If he finds out before the playoffs start, God help the Knicks. And everyone else."

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL WILSON



Looking up like a competent backcourt man, Lew brings the ball up against Atlanta's Joe Caldwell.

'SWIMMING ISN'T EVERYTHING, WINNING IS'

That was the credo Arnold Spitz instilled in his son and until the '68 Olympics Mark Spitz lived up to it. Now the troubled boy has matured and is winning for himself by **WILLIAM F. REED**

The story of Mark Spitz was the unhappiest one of the 1968 Olympics. He came to Mexico City ballyhooed as swimming's new glamour boy—a child of 18 whose good looks and extraordinary ability were flayed only by his reputation as a spoiled brat. It was predicted that Spitz would win an unprecedented six gold medals. He didn't come close. Not only did he fail to win an individual race, he finished last in the 200-meter butterfly, an event in which he holds the world record. Few felt sorry for Spitz. In fact, a number of his teammates rejoiced at his downfall.

Now Spitz is 20 and once more acclaimed as the world's finest swimmer. At Indiana, where he is a pre-dental student, he is again turning in times of the sort that enabled him to set or tie 12 individual world records, of which four still stand. Moreover, Spitz has grown up. He is no longer a pain in the neck.

This change began to occur in January 1969, when Spitz left his home in Santa Clara, Calif., to enroll at Indiana. After groundwork by Coach James F. (Doc) Counsilman, the Indiana swimmers accepted him, and he responded by winning three individual events—two in American record time—to lead the Ho-



sers to their second straight NCAA championship. "That was like a comeback for me," says Spitz. "People knew that I wasn't living in the past. They knew that I was living right now."

In addition he found a father figure in Counsilman. Until coming to Indiana, Spitz' life had been dictated by a pair of intense, strong-willed men: his father, Arnold, who taught him to win, and his coach at Santa Clara, George Haines, who taught him to swim. As Spitz grew closer to Indiana and Counsilman, he grew away from his old self—and his old ties—in California.

"Frankly, Doc really hasn't helped me that much with my strokes," says Spitz, "but then I think when you become a champion you become a free thinker and you really don't need a coach in a sense. What Doc has done for me is to make me more friendly. I think I've really grown up in that way. I wasn't friendly before because I was told I was dumb and stupid, so I began putting on, saying, 'Oh, look at me, I'm something.' I got tabbed as being young and cocky when I was 14 and beating guys 19, but I don't think it was hatred, just jealousy."

"I've always had a soft spot in my heart for Mark because he's gotten a raw deal," says Counsilman. "When he came to me his self-image was pretty low, and I felt he didn't have a true picture of himself. He felt very competent athletically, but he didn't think he was very smart because some people had told him he wasn't—and he didn't feel competent socially. Here, though, everybody likes him, and he's gained confidence intellectually and socially."

Mark Spitz' normal childhood ended at 8½, when his father enrolled him in a swimming program at the Sacramento YMCA. When he was 9 he worked out an hour or an hour and 15 minutes every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, with double workouts on Saturday. At 10, he worked out every day for an hour and a half.

"It was a big party then," Spitz recalls. "Man, you were in competition. That was the living end. It was something to be playing a little touch football on the lawn and tell your friends what you did at workout that day. When you're small you don't know anything."

As Spitz began beating older boys the force behind him was his father. The elder Spitz might have been a good swimmer himself ("He has a nice technique"

says Mark) but he never had the time, coming up the hard way. Although he did not graduate from college, Arnold Spitz got by—and eventually succeeded—by being tough and aggressive, both mentally and physically. Now he is the well-paid operations manager for Schmitzer Steel Products in Oakland, a large scrap-metal firm that specializes in grinding up cars and squeezing them into neat little blocks. "In business," says Arnold Spitz proudly, "I'm known as a forceful individual."

When Mark was 9 his father (Mark calls him "my father," not "dad") took him to the Arden Hills Swim Club near Sacramento, where he could learn under the celebrated Sherman Chavoer. Even this early Arnold Spitz was drilling into his son the importance—the necessity—of not just swimming but winning.

"Mark," his father would say, "how many lanes in a pool?"

"Six," the youngster would reply.

"And how many lanes win?"

"One, only one."

Today Arnold Spitz wants nobody to be mistaken about the importance of the role he and his wife Lenore played in Mark's development, but nothing disturbs him quite so much as the criticism that he pushed his son too hard.

"The greatest motivating factor in Mark's life has been Lenore and myself," Arnold Spitz said recently. "If George Haines is naive enough or foolish enough to think he created Mark, he's crazy. Because of what I've given of myself, this is what I created. He's a gorgeous human being, he's a beautiful person, it's *terrible*. You think this just happens? I've got my life tied up in this kid. You think I created a monster? He's beautiful, he's exceptional! There is nothing wrong with parents giving to their children. If people don't like it, the hell with 'em. You only have a few years to give, and now, in Mark's case, it's past, he won't come home any more. Now he is being taken over by himself and the others he is surrounding himself with, like Doc."

"There was a point when I pushed him, I guess, but if I hadn't pushed my son he would never have been at Santa Clara. If I pushed Mark, it was part of his development—and you know why I pushed him? Because he was so great, that's why. I can't believe any parent would say, 'Honey, if you're tired, you don't have to go to workout.' A child who has his parents behind him can gov-



FATHER SPITZ WORKS FOR STEEL FIRM

ern his time, know there's a time to work and a time to play. If the parent isn't behind the child, there can be nothing outstanding, and it's not really a sacrifice. It's love.

"If the children are never really outstanding, you can get the same satisfaction—you can say that, I guess, but you don't really believe it. Swimming isn't everything, winning is. Who plays to lose? I'm not out to lose. I never said to him, 'You're second, that's great.' I told him I didn't care about winning age-groups, I care for world records."

Mark Spitz flourished at Arden Hills, but in 1961 the family moved to Walnut Creek, Calif., near Oakland, where he bounced ineffectually from one age-group program to another. Alarmed, Arnold Spitz consulted Chavoer, who recommended that Mark be taken to George Haines at Santa Clara. In February 1964, he began swimming for Haines.

"That was the turning point in my life," Mark says. "That was the point where I really went into swimming for a business, where I decided that I wanted to be good, to be somebody."

The switch to Santa Clara wasn't ac-

continued

complished without sacrifices. Haines' swimmers worked out every other morning at 6:30 a.m., which meant that Mark and his mother had to get up at 5 and drive the 40 miles from Walnut Creek to Santa Clara to make the workouts. They did this from February to June, when Arnold Spitz quit his employer of 18 years, took a job with Schnitzer and moved his family to Santa Clara, which meant that he had to make an 80-mile round trip.

"I didn't feel any pressure in the sense that I had to do good because my parents had moved," Mark says. "There was never any obligation. It was obvious I came there to get better coaching."

A husky man who takes himself very seriously, Haines is something of an enigma, even to those who have swum for him for years. He is singularly devoted to swimming, and his ability is respected around the world, yet Haines insists on remaining distant, even aloof, from the youngsters who occupy so much of his time and energy. He has strict rules about never accepting phone calls and visitors at his home. Although they worked together for five years, although their lives and purposes were completely devoted to each other at the very top of a highly emotional sport, Mark Spitz never set foot in George Haines' home. Perhaps, of course, Haines gives so much of himself at the pool that he needs utter solitude at home to relax and recharge. Even today every member of the Spitz family gives Haines the credit for making Mark the swimmer he is.

The results of Haines' coaching were immediate. In 1964, at 14, Spitz qualified for the national AAUs. The next year he made his first trip to the Maccabiah Games in Israel. In 1966 he came within four-tenths of a second of breaking the world record for the 1,500-yard freestyle, and the next June, at an obscure meet in California, he set a world record for the 400-meter freestyle (4:10.6).

That was the first of several world or American records broken by Spitz in the very good year of 1967. He set or tied five American records at the Santa Clara International Invitational. In London he swam a world-record 56.3 in the 110-yard butterfly. The next week, in Berlin, he broke two more world records, in the 100-meter butterfly (55.7) and the 200-meter butterfly (2:05.7). His most impressive performance of the year—

and, perhaps, of his career—came in the 1967 Pan-American Games in Winnipeg where he set two more world records and won five gold medals. He was named World Swimmer of the Year by *Swimming World* magazine. Letters and newspaper clippings piled up faster than Lenore Spitz could paste them in her scrapbooks. One fan was even moved to hail Mark in verse:

*I saw him once, a youth of seventeen,
Who challenged fame. I saw him dive
and plunge
In eager competition, take the scene
From elders, and at once their names
expunge
From grandeur; but the triumph that
he gained
Was never cause for vanity and pride:
A friend as well as victor he remained,
A generous companion who defied
The call of arrogance. I saw him smile
In gracious triumph, happily receive
The trophies which had power to
defile
A lesser spirit; when he takes his leave,
Let grateful recollection hold him near,
While in our minds the past lives ever
clear.*

—WADE WELLMAN

Not everyone saw Spitz in these terms. "He talks all the time," said the mother of one Santa Clara swimmer. "He's always doing stunts to attract attention. I can't say he's a hot dog because he's so great in the pool. Maybe he's just conceited."

Retorts Arnold Spitz: "Mark has a great sense of who and what he is. Mark is analytical, brutally so. Anybody who is outstanding has to possess this value. He's so brutal with his honesty that some people can't accept it right away. And there is some egotism, but every outstanding person must have some egotism. Cassius Clay is obnoxious, but I love him."

Arnold Spitz could understand petty jealousy among children, but there were more reprehensible displays. On occasion Mark was spat at, scratched, elbowed, kicked in the groin. Accidents perhaps? Horsing around? Possibly, but there was no doubt in Arnold Spitz' mind about the intent of the anti-Semitic gibes. "When I was a youngster I used to fight, but that wasn't the way," he says. "So I told Mark to shove it down their throats with times. Let them

talk, but beat the hell out of them in the pool. This is one thing that has made him so tough—and if he feels no obligation to the Santa Clara Swim Club, there is a reason for it."

In retrospect, Arnold Spitz blames George Haines for "sticking his head in the sand" while Mark and his peers were growing more and more at odds, but Haines maintains that the situation was never as one-sided or as vicious as Spitz' father suggests.

"I probably knew Mark as well as anyone and I probably still do," says Haines. "I understand that he has matured a lot and I hope so, because that was his biggest fault. His trouble with his teammates came because he would say something before he thought. Immaturity. I think he was kidded a lot, and razzed, but down deep every kid was glad he was on this team. Whatever problems he had with his teammates was a 50-50 proposition. If a kid in high school is great, there is a lot of jealousy. I'll say this for Mark; whenever he said he could do something, he could do it."

His problems notwithstanding, it was obvious early in 1968 that Spitz had displaced Don Schollander as the cynosure of American swimming and the country's best bet for several gold medals at the Olympics. The only question, in fact, seemed to be whether Spitz would try to become the first swimmer to top Schollander's 1964 feat of winning four golds in a single Olympics. Happily, or so it seemed at the time, the U.S. Olympic swimming coach was none other than George Haines. Early in the year the master and his star pupil mapped their Olympic plans. After taking everything into consideration, including the spacing of the events and the high-altitude factor, Spitz and Haines concluded privately that Spitz could win five—and possibly six—gold medals.

"I felt that the events were far enough apart that it wouldn't bother him," says Haines. "Maybe we tried to do too much, but I don't think so. The only thing I worried about was him being so young and whether the pressure would get to him. I think it probably did."

Everything went more or less on schedule through the Olympic Trials. Spitz acquitted himself splendidly, qualifying for three individual events (100- and 200-meter butterfly and 100-meter freestyle) and three relays. Although Spitz

denies saying publicly that he hoped to win six gold medals, Haines was quoted as saying, "Personally, I think he can swim them all," and that was enough for the press. Stories with such headlines as SIX MEDALS FOR SPITZ? and SPITZ PLANS BUSY OLYMPIC CAMPAIGN popped up regularly.

Then came Spitz's highly publicized downfall in Mexico City. A number of explanations were offered: he was still suffering from the serious cold that had sapped his strength and caused him to miss the first 13 practices at the U.S. team's pre-Olympic high-altitude camp in Colorado Springs. Haines had over-scheduled him. Spitz was disturbed because some of his teammates formed a clique that cold-shouldered him and even pulled for him to lose (there were rumors of a near-mutiny after Haines put Spitz on the 4 x 200 freestyle relay). Or, as Haines himself suggests, maybe Spitz choked.

"I'm not giving any excuses for the Olympics," says Spitz. "When I'm 60 and look back, I might not feel too bad with four medals. [He wound up with two golds in the relays, a silver in the 100-meter butterfly and a bronze in the 100-meter freestyle.] I don't feel bad toward George. Why should I? I can just be disappointed in myself. I didn't swim up to my potential. I had the worst meet of my life."

Says Haines: "I think the time he lost in Colorado was a factor—but he was fairly close to normal in Mexico. As for his trouble with his teammates, some of the older guys took his immaturity as conceit. He brought it on himself, but the older boys should have known better. I don't think it was as bad as has been indicated."

"George Haines has his head in the sand again," says Arnold Spitz. "Superman wouldn't come out of the telephone booth."

The relationship between Haines and the Spitz family came to an abrupt, acrimonious end last summer when Mark refused to swim for Santa Clara in the National AAUs in Louisville. Ostensibly, he balked because of fatigue—he had just returned from a virtuoso performance in the Maccabiah Games. In reality, however, Spitz had reasons that were more subtle than tired blood. For one, he felt he had outgrown Haines and the Santa Clara Swim Club. ("When I went back, I was treated like a baby,"

Spitz says. "I outgrew being treated the same way as I had been when I was 14.") For another, his losses in the Olympics had so embarrassed him—and so deeply frustrated his desire to win—that he resolved never again to enter a major race without feeling reasonably certain that he would be first, and this was his major difference, philosophically, with Haines.

"George was mainly interested in getting points for the team," says Spitz. "So was I. But I was interested in Mark Spitz also. I had to be. The whole idea is to win, not take second. At the Olympics I was tired and I swam too many things. To do the same thing again at the Nationals, knowing that something would happen, was crazy."

Without Spitz, Santa Clara didn't win the national championship for the first time in six years. His sister, Nancy, 16, performed creditably for Santa Clara, but, as her father says, "she isn't quite a female version of Mark." After the Nationals the Spitz family received a letter from Haines—dated the day the meet began—informed them that not only Mark but also Nancy had been kicked off the Santa Clara team.

"I think any coach would have done the same thing," says Haines. "In Mark's case it was a matter of loyalty to his teammates. I'm interested in building a team, not a great personality. I felt if Mark had outgrown the program, what good would it do to coach Nancy?"

"He kicked Nancy in the teeth," says Arnold Spitz. "She cried for three days afterward. It was a very stupid ending to a very wholesome relationship. One thing I'm sure George lost sight of is that Mark is *my* son, not his. I told him that the biggest thing in Mark's life was not him but me."

"If Arnold Spitz had remained the father," replies Haines, "we might have worked it out."

Early this year the Spitz family sold its home and left Santa Clara—a move once more dictated entirely by swimming. To get Nancy the best coaching, Arnold Spitz has moved his wife and two daughters (Mark's older sister Heidi, 18, swims only for fun) to Sacramento so that Nancy could train under Sherm Chavoer. For himself, Arnold Spitz plans to rent a small apartment in Oakland and drive to Sacramento on weekends.

"It's the least I can do," he says. "Now

I have only a couple of years left to do for Nancy what I did for Mark."

Mark's appearance at Indiana last January was awaited with mixed feelings. Says Fred Southwood, co-captain of this year's team: "We thought, 'Uh-oh, this ought to be good. If he can't get along with people he's known all his life, what's he going to do here?' We didn't know quite what to expect."

Before Spitz's arrival, Counsilman called the team together. He asked that Spitz be given the benefit of the doubt, to judge him on his behavior at Indiana and not on his reputation. The swimmers agreed, and apparently that was the only break Spitz needed. He became close friends with his roommate, George Smith, a swimmer from Canada, and he shared at least a peaceful coexistence with his other teammates. Away from the pool, Spitz joined a fraternity, began dating one of the prettiest coeds on campus and maybe even sneaked a beer or two while Counsilman wisely turned his head. "He adjusted very well," says Southwood. "We couldn't understand why he had so much trouble at Santa Clara."

The catalyst was Counsilman. His special treatment of Spitz takes several forms, not all of them readily understandable to an outsider. Every day before practice, for instance, they play a game. Spitz will test the water with his toes, then draw back, complaining that it is too cold. He will stall on the deck until Counsilman takes off his belt and chases him around the pool, through the stands and finally into the water.

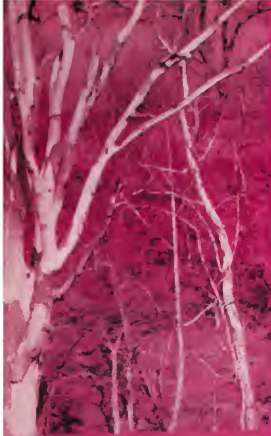
Says Counsilman, "Mark, like any champion, likes attention, that extra little show of affection for ego."

Says Spitz, "Doc's psychology is fantastic. He makes you forget the chlorine in the pool and how tired you are. He makes you feel good."

To paraphrase another famous Californian, the swimming world will have Mark Spitz to kick around only a little longer. Win or lose, he says he will retire after the 1972 Olympics.

"That will be a fantastic time to hang up my suit," he said recently. "I will have been swimming 14 years. All I want from swimming now is my pride and my records—not even anything new or different, just what I already have. I would like to win one gold medal at the '72 Olympics and then leave. I would like to go out a winner."

END



THE HOOVES THAT ROCK THE CRADLE...

There's nothing as beautiful as the sound of hooves on a hard-packed track, and nothing as exciting as the sound of hooves on a soft, yielding surface. It's the sound of the ultimate performance, the sound of the sport that has thrived since the dawn of time. It's the sound of the stud. No sire ever of the race breeds sights this truly. It's in his quest for the ideal mating, which accounts for the value of the 13 mares shown here, and on the following pages, more than \$3 million without their offspring, let us Cooke has photographed these representatives of the ultimate class in U.S. breeding on the farm where they regularly produce the top-rated runners. The da-



For a complete listing of the mares shown here, visit our website at www.cooke.com.
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1. My Fighting Mahomed, bred with another field Rule. He is the sire of the stakes runner.

1890. He has never been bred with a horse of another blood in the name of American Blood.



2. A Champion & the winner of the 1897 stakes, bred with the sire of the stakes runner.



the one of her best friends
 and the girl makes them
 all so happy with her kindness



she will be taught to sing
 and to dance like a girl
 and she will be the most
 beautiful girl in the district

and to the one of her best friends
 and the girl makes them
 all so happy with her kindness



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 beautiful girl in the district



and to the one of her best friends
 and the girl makes them
 all so happy with her kindness

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Henderson



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THE GHOST PATROL OF GOLF



They gather every Monday at dawn while fog still blankets the fairways and the greens are soaked with dew. They are dressed colorfully, in the fashion of professional golfers, which indeed they are. They are about to begin a tournament, one you won't see on television or read about in the papers. There is no purse at stake, no trophies or smiling victory photographs. The only gallery they'll see all day is made up of a few wives and friends.

Yesterday, Sunday, another tournament ended somewhere else—at Pebble Beach, maybe, or Pensacola—but these players weren't in it. Many of them don't even know who won there, nor do they care. What matters is today's tournament, because if they don't make it today there is no tomorrow. There's just a long drive to the next foggy Monday.

These men waiting nervously to tee off are members of golfing's Ghost Patrol, a collection of once-weres, never-will-bes and young hopefuls called rabbits, a term sometimes applied loosely to the whole group. There are perhaps 200 of them here, trying to qualify for a shot at this week's paycheck, to gain a spot in the tournament that begins on Thursday, the one with the \$150,000 purse, the one the Palmers and the Nicklaus play in. The odds are that only one in 10 will make it, maybe fewer than that. Of the 144 starting positions in most pro tournaments, as many as 130 may be filled by players who are exempt from qualifying. The remaining spots belong to the rabbits.

Exempt: that is the golden word on the tour. For a golfer, a year's exemption from pretournament qualifying is

worth thousands of dollars, as well as freedom from a season of mental anguish and heartache. An exemption means a pro golfer can play in any tournament he chooses, no matter how many 75s he shoots the week before. It means he can sit down at the beginning of the year and plan. He can pick the tournaments he'll play, when his wife can join him, when he'll take a vacation. In short, it means he can live like a human being and not like a rabbit.

There are 15 types of exemption, but four of them cover the bulk of the field. In the charmed circle are those who have won a PGA Championship or a U.S. Open, which makes them exempt for life. This category takes in most of the game's superstars. Next in line are those who have won any official tournament, which exempts them for the next 12

Out of the clouds of a foggy Monday morning, they came, a fabled squadron of 60 professionals, among them Jack Nicklaus: the champs to play with the big boys



PROGRAMING BY CURT GARDNER

months. This exemption, as much as the \$25,000 or so in prize money, is why you see such wide grins on the faces of the Tom Shaws and Larry Hinsons when they win their first tournament. When Hale Irwin, a rabbit, lost in the playoff to Billy Casper in this year's L.A. Open, he was less distraught over the difference in prize money (\$20,000 vs. \$11,400) than over the fact that he had missed a chance to free himself from Moody qualifying for the rest of 1970.

"I'd have gladly given up the money for that exemption," he said later. "Qualifying on Monday is the toughest thing there is in golf—except winning a tournament. After a while the body just can't take it, the mind can't take it—you go nuts."

The third major exemption goes to the top 60 money earners from the pre-

vious year, although this is to be replaced in 1971 by a more equitable point system based on this year's play, so that a \$300,000 Dow Jones Open is no more important toward gaining an exemption than the \$100,000 Robinson Open. It is this category that keeps many pros out on the tour in November and early December, when they would rather be at home.

Johnny Pott, a tour veteran at 34 and 24th on the alltime money list, though exempt through much of last year as a member of the Ryder Cup team, discovered to his surprise that this exemption ended with the PGA tournament in August. Still, in 52nd place on the money list, he seemed assured of finishing in the top 60 for 1969 and so passed up the Hawaiian Open. He was aghast to find later that several players

just below him on the money list had done well in Hawaii and he was now 62nd.

Frantic, Pott accepted an invitation to the Heritage Classic but failed to make the cut. He went to the Danny Thomas Classic, tried to qualify on Monday but shot a 73, which was not good enough. Any rabbit could have told him that. "I thought I'd blown it," Pott says. "I was about to go home when Steve Reid mentioned the West End Classic on Grand Bahama Island. It was a satellite tournament, but the money was official and you didn't have to qualify." Pott hustled over, shot a 64 in the first round and finished second, collecting \$2,437, enough to put him back in the top 60. Pott wears the look of a relieved man these days.

The fourth major exemption is for

continued

players who make the 36-hole cut in one tournament, automatically qualifying them for the next. This is the best hope of the rabbit. Winning a tournament or finishing in the year's top 60 may be the impossible dream, but making the cut is always a possibility. Most rabbits insist that it is easier to make the cut than to qualify on Monday.

"Sometimes it seems as if the whole world is out there playing on Monday," says Joe Schwendeman, an aide to Commissioner Joseph C. Dey of the PGA's Tournament Players Division. Even when the qualifying takes place on two or three courses—"dirt tracks," as one rabbit calls them—the players are turned out early, 7 o'clock, or as soon as the greens are playable.

The atmosphere is tense. "This is the first of what I hope will be three tournaments this week," says Bob Shaw, a young Australian. "The one today is the toughest. Then there's Thursday and Friday, when you try to make the cut. If you survive that, you play in your third tournament on Saturday and Sunday for the money. But Monday's the big one."

By the time they tee off every golfer knows how many spots are open for

this week's tournament. It has been a subject of active speculation all the previous week, and the rumored number has fluctuated as often as the odds on a tote board. But nothing is set until Sunday at 6 p.m., the deadline for filing entries. Dave Hill, having shot three straight 74s, may have decided on Sunday morning that he was overgolfed and needed a rest. But a closing round of 66 has left him surprisingly refreshed, and he decides to sign up for next week. One spot gone. But Frank Beard, who intended to play, learns that one of his children has mumps, and so he goes home. One spot back. When the list closes Sunday night, perhaps 124 exempt pros have signed up. That means 20 spots for the rabbits.

There are often not enough caddies to accommodate so many entrants, and so the club turns out its fleet of electric carts, with club members recruited to drive them. "I hate to use a cart," says George Johnson, a promising black player. "When I hit a bad shot, I need a few minutes to settle down. With a cart, I'm on to the next shot too soon."

The players go off in foursomes, one group every 10 minutes. No ropes are needed to hold the galleries in check,

for there are seldom any galleries at all. No scoreboards record the progress of the event, no neat ladies in straw hats and red-and-white-striped skirts walk down the fairways keeping score. From the time the players leave the first tee until they return to the 18th green some four hours later, they battle in near privacy. The wives, in raincoats, scarves and golf shoes, trail behind and suffer.

"What makes it so brutal is that it's like sudden death," says Bob Shaw. "One bad shot can wipe you out."

"I always tried to play conservative golf on Monday," says Bert Greene, a graduate rabbit who escaped by finishing 22nd on last year's money list. "Figure one or two birdies on the par 5s and the rest pars. There's no prize for shooting 66. Of course, if you make a double bogey you have to change your game plan in a hurry."

As the players come off the 18th green, they hand in their scores to the TPD official in charge, either Wade Cagle, Ed Griffiths, George Walsh or Steve Shabala, four advance men who leapfrog from tournament to tournament. When each score has been recorded, it is also listed publicly on a board near the clubhouse. Those who shoot 67 can return to their hotels knowing they will see it up on Thursday. Those who shoot 73 may hang around, but it's a faint hope that they're in, and most leave.

The players who shoot somewhere in between—71 or 72—are the ones who must stand and wait. On the tour they call it the sweat box, the predicament of an early finisher with a 72. As each foursome rolls in, he watches closely as the scores are posted. When he finishes, he was third from the top. Now comes a 71, then a 70. The open spots dwindle to seven, now six. And there are still three foursomes out on the course. It is a long wait.

The PGA has no record of when Monday qualifying was born, but tour veterans can recall qualifications for the L.A. Open and other West Coast tournaments—favorite havens for pros from the cold weather regions—during the late '40s. With the explosion in golf interest during the 1960s, Monday qualifying rounds became standard practice.

Dave Marr, who has been around since the late '50s, recalls that it was easy to qualify then if you were able to play at all. "They'd have maybe 130 guys out there on Monday, but there was room



A SCOREKEEPER ENTERS A GOLFER'S TOTAL RESULT; ANOTHER SPOT IS GONE

for 80. Shoot 75 and you still had a chance." This year it took a one-under-par 71 at Spyglass to be sure of a starting spot in the Crosby. "I'd hate to have to shoot a 71 at Spyglass," Marr says.

The line separating the rabbit from the regular tournament money-winner is a thin one. Every week the Ghost Patrol includes several golfers capable of winning. Last year Bunky Henry qualified on Monday for the Monsanto Open, finished tied for 41st and won \$322. The next week he tied for 78th at Jacksonville, earning \$114. The third week, at the National Airlines in Miami, Henry shot 69-73-66-70—278 to win the tournament, \$40,000 and, most important, a year's exemption. With only minor differences, the same story could be told about Tom Shaw, Larry Hinson, Larry Ziegler and Steve Spray. Spray, for instance, had to qualify for the Sahara, made the cut, then won at San Francisco the following week.

"Those fellows," says Bob Shaw of the exempt pros, "are no different than a lot of us out here. A whole bunch of players in our group are capable of winning if they can just get to play."

Tom Shaw (no relation) tends to agree. "I was the world's worst qualifier," he says. "In 1968 I tried to qualify 15 times and failed all but three. Even so, I made \$14,000. When I played, I made money."

Monday's nonheroes can be divided into two groups. About half the field, roughly 100 players at any qualifying round, are club pros who enter five or 10 tournaments a year, usually the ones within hailing distance of their home courses. The rest are touring pros, men who try to make their living from the \$6.7 million bag of prize money offered on the tour this year.

The second category, the touring pros, is made up of three subgroups: the real rabbits, players in their first year or two of the tour; the older hands with small reputations built on wins or high finishes in things like the Azalea Open or the Magnolia Classic—guys like Monty Kaser, Babe Hickey or Larry Mowry; and finally there is the fallen star, the player—like Jacky Cupit or Marty Fleckman or Al Balding—who made headlines once and may again. But not now.

The rabbits are the most anonymous, except to each other. "If Jack Nicklaus walked in here, he'd know me," says Dick Carmody, "but that's only because

we played golf against each other in college. I doubt if he'd know many others out here." Carmody has known such modest successes as winning the Quebec Open, which earned him \$2,500 but no exemption, since it was not a PGA event. Last year Carmody suffered the embarrassment of having his player's card revoked, a penalty of the TPD for bad play. Now he is back on the trail again as a Class A player, the category under which most club pros compete. He finished 39th in the L.A. Open but missed the cut at Phoenix, which put him back in the pit. At the Crosby qualifying round at Spyglass he shot a 73 in the rain, which would have been good enough except that it rained so hard the round was canceled. The next day he shot 72, which put him in a 16-way tie for nine spots, and a sudden-death playoff was scheduled Wednesday.

Carmody was awake most of the night worrying about the first playoff hole at Pebble ("It's a narrow fairway, and I told myself I had to keep the ball in bounds"), then delighted himself next morning by hitting his drive down the middle. Perhaps overcome, he knocked his approach wide of the green and out of bounds. End of tournament.

Most rabbits such as Carmody are sponsored, else they would not be able to afford the tour. Besides, the TPD insists a player show proof of support. Sponsors are generally wealthy club members who pass the hat until they have raised enough—usually \$20,000 or so—to send their young assistant pro out on the tour for a year. A few celebrities—Lawrence Welk, for one, and Dean Martin and Glen Campbell—are currently backing golfers on tour. One promising rabbit, John Jacobs, talked his wealthy girl friend into backing him.

One level above the true rabbit are the modest successes like Kaser, Hickey and Mowry, with their horticultural wins at the Magnolia or Azaleas, satellite events that rarely carry an exemption but whose money is official. Pete Brown, before his dramatic victory in the recent Andy Williams-San Diego Open, fell into this category. Although Brown had been on the tour for 16 years, he had won only one minor tournament. Last year he was 84th on the money list with \$20,893, about \$12,000 shy of getting him into the top 60. Brown has competed in qualifying rounds for years and got into the Andy Williams—despite

missing the cut at the Crosby—by surviving the cut in the Crosby pro-am, a side-door exemption for which his amateur partner deserves as much credit as Brown. Brown later said all he could think about as he lined up his final putt in the last round at San Diego was "one putt for no more Mondays." He missed that putt but won the tournament in a playoff. No more Mondays.

The top level of qualifier is the veteran player who has made headlines, has won tournaments (but not recently) and who, in some cases, has come within a shot of earning a lifetime exemption. Jacky Cupit in 1963 had the U.S. Open all wrapped up until he double-bogeyed the 71st hole and finished in a three-way tie with Arnold Palmer and Julius Boros. Boros won.

Now here is Cupit, seven years later, sitting in a golf cart waiting to tee off. He is not bitter, he says bitterly, adding that if he qualifies today he will phone his wife in Texas and have her come out for the tournament. Then he goes out and shoots 80.

Others who currently share Cupit's fate are Marty Fleckman, who as an amateur led the 1967 Open at Baltusrol going into the last round, Kermit Zar-

continued



AL BALDING: FROM HOME TO RABBITS

ley, a former tour winner whom Bob Hope made famous by calling "the pro from the moon"; Labron Harris, the 1962 U.S. Amateur champion; and Al Balding. Less than two years ago in Rome, Balding, a lanky, gray-haired Canadian golfer of 45, teamed with George Knudson to win the World Cup. Balding was low individual. Balding has been on and off the tour for years, was eighth leading money earner back in 1957. Several weeks ago he had to qualify for the Andy Williams. He was having a coffee-shop breakfast early Monday morning when a friend spotted him.

"Akie," said the pal. "What the devil are you doing here?"

"Have to work today," said Balding. "Work?" asked the friend. It took a moment for the meaning to sink in. "You mean . . . ?"

Balding's friend never finished the question.

"It's not in the code to mention qualifying," says Dave Marr, who has been permanently exempt since he won the PGA in 1965. "You see certain players on Thursday and you know they must have had to qualify to be there, but you never mention it. You just say, 'Hi, Pete, hi, George.'"

The brightest fallen star at the moment is Doug Sanders, golf's flamboyant dresser, who has won 17 tournaments in his career and is seventh on the all-time money list. But his last tour win was in 1967, and last year he was 64th in earnings with \$30,311. So, technically, Sanders is not exempt. Yet he's never out there on Monday. Why? Because the rules allow sponsors of every tournament to exempt eight players not otherwise eligible—a ploy to insure the presence of local favorites, or players like Sanders, whose reputations outlast their putting strokes. At one time players were allowed to accept only three such exemptions a year, but now the TPD permits players to take as many as they want. The rabbits are restless over the rule.

"Everything is for the established pro," says one young player. "It kills you to see some of the guys who can't even swing anymore taking up spots that could be ours. Jerry Barber, Paul Runyan—some of these players with lifetime exemptions. And now this sponsor thing. Life's tough enough without that."

Tougher still is when a sponsor gives an exemption to an amateur—an aw-

ward, mind you—usually one who has a big reputation (and no worse than a two handicap). Everyone wants to see how old Bill will make out against the pros, never mind that old Bill is taking up a spot that might otherwise go to someone struggling to earn a living. That's why Oscar Fraley of the Danny Thomas tournament became an instant hero among the rabbits last fall when he didn't use any of his sponsor's exemptions, but threw all eight spots to the qualifiers.

Now it is Monday afternoon, and the scores are all in. The successful qualifiers return to their motels and inform the desk clerk that they will be staying a few days longer, perhaps even for the whole week. Then they begin to scout around for a place to practice on Tuesday and Wednesday because, unlike the exempt players, Monday qualifiers are not allowed to play in pro-ams. But at least they get to tee it up Thursday.

What about the others, the 150 or so who didn't make it? "It's tough on them," admits Jack Tutthill, the TPD tournament director. "Nobody wants them. They aren't supposed to hang around for the tournament, and they sure aren't wanted at the next tournament course—tearing up the fairways and making spike marks on the green."

The experienced rabbit can usually find someplace to play because he has been around long enough to meet a lot of club pros. But the younger players, the ones on their first or second swings, often find themselves paying 50¢ to hit a pair of balls on a driving range beside the highway between here and there. Bert Yancey remembers stopping his car by an empty lot, hitting his bag of practice balls and then shagging them himself. Not long ago Bob Shaw tried to play at a public course in Los Angeles where a qualifying round for the L.A. Open was scheduled. He was told pros were not welcome. Shaw offered to pay the greens fee. The answer was no. Desperately, Shaw offered \$10 merely to be allowed to walk the course so he could get to know it. The answer was still no.

Another problem that comes with failing to qualify is keeping faith in your game. "After a while, you start to think bad thoughts," says George Johnson. "You get the idea you can't play."

"It's the most terrifying thing in golf," recalls Yancey. "It's worse than miss-

ing a cut or blowing a U.S. Open. When you miss on Monday, you haven't got anything."

The problems of the Monday qualifier have, of course, come to the attention of Joe Dey, whose policy board recently approved a change he recommended, making club pros who are not TPD members enter an 18-hole prequalifying round on Friday. Only the top 20% from Friday are now allowed into Monday's round, reducing that field.

Perhaps more pertinent is the whole question of whether the rule is fair to club pros. Joe Dey thinks it is. "The regular touring pros have already earned the right to compete in qualifying rounds," he says. Besides, he points out, for an initiation fee of \$50, plus \$250 a year dues, any club pro can join the TPD and thus avoid the pre-Monday qualifying. The new system went into effect last month.

Commissioner Dey is toying with another solution, a periodic 36-hole qualifying round to replace the weekly one. This would establish a semipermanent ranking, from which available starting positions would be filled. If National Airlines had 24 open spots, the top 24 in the ranking would get to play. This system would give the top 10 or 12 a respite from qualifying every week, and it would permit those who are below 30 or so to return home to sharpen their games for the next 36-hole round. For those in between, unfortunately, it would mean another form of the sweat box, having to travel from tournament to tournament in hopes that enough exempt players decide not to enter.

A more agreeable solution to the Monday crush would be the long-dreamed-of solid "second" tour. Dey is thinking in terms of a kind of minor league of golf, success in which leads to the major league tour. And staying up there might well depend solely on merit, *i.e.*, stroke averages or victories. Dey can understand the rabbits' resentment of lifetime exemptions, and may soon propose they be limited to 10 years. You can almost hear the growls already.

Until that happy day, that first Monday when all the rabbits can sleep in and still have their nibbles at pro golfing's lettuce patch on Thursday, the struggle goes on. They will continue to gather at dawn, and by dusk most of them will have nothing to look forward to but a long wait till next Monday.

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British feathers have been ruffled lately over the news that **Queen Elizabeth** has been breaking Rule 15 of the National Flying Club, which governs pigeon racing in Great Britain. The rule states that birds "should not carry private rings or one stamped with their owner's name and address." But special rings have been a royal tradition since the 1900s and all of the Queen's pigeons bear a numbered ring with the letters ER. "It means," complained a spokesman for unlabeled pigeons, "that everyone is racing anonymously except the Queen. There could be advantage in this, or at least a suspicion." (The suggestion is that the Queen's birds could be released first.) A complaint has been entered against Her Majesty with the Royal National Homing Union. "If you play a game, you ought to abide by the rules," the spokesman added. "A lot of money changes hands on a big race—as much as £3,000 or £4,000." It should be noted, however, that last year the Queen's pigeons, rings and all, failed to win a single major event. Said Len Rush, who trains the Queen's pigeons, "This sounds like sour grapes from people who are jealous of the royal birds."



◆ **Adolph Rupp**, who has won 25 Southeastern Conference basketball championships, four NCAA titles—and has a good shot at a fifth—and has been president of the Kentucky Horsefodder Association 17 times, has just opened his first restaurant, the 7-Kings, in Elizabethtown, Ky. Rupp is no stranger to the short-order grill. "Back when I was a student at the University of Kansas, I worked my way through school," he said. "First at the Jay-Hawk Cafe as a cashier, then I became manager of the College Inn restaurant." That was half a century ago. Sighed Rupp. "I guess this is where I came in."

Last year **Steve McQueen** filmed five of the 24 Hours of Le Mans for a feature film on auto racing. This year, again using Le Mans as a backdrop, McQueen will enter the race teaming up in a Porsche 917 with none other than world Grand Prix champion **Jackie Stewart**. The pale blue and orange car of the Gulf-Porsche team will be serviced by McQueen's own set of mechanics, who will also draw pay as movie extras. McQueen has made it known that he merely wants to finish, and will be content to dawdle along as the cameras grand Stewart has yet to be heard from.

New Twins Manager **Bill Ripley** may be relieved to know that although **Dave Boswell** is taking up karate, it has nothing to do with the fact that he came off second best in a brawl with ex-Manager **Billy Martin** last summer. Boswell isn't trying to strengthen his punch, only the fingers on his right hand, which develop blisters from pitching.

First **Sam Huff** said he's going to seek the Democratic nomination for Congress from the 1st District of West Virginia. Then his old teammate, **Andy Rob-**



tell, was mentioned as a possible candidate in the Republican primary for governor of Connecticut. Now **Bob Short**, owner of the Washington Senators and former national treasurer of the Democratic Party, says he may run for governor of Minnesota. Big deal? Not according to one of the wives involved. Said Mrs. Short, "I hope he does run. It will give him something to do before breakfast."

◆ Twenty years ago **Jackie Jensen** dropped out of the University of California at Berkeley, where he was majoring in speech, for a career in baseball. It is difficult to imagine that he could have been more eloquent: in 11 seasons with the Yankees, Senators and Red Sox he had a lifetime batting average of .279, drove in 929 runs and, in 1958, was voted MVP. Nevertheless, Jensen, 44, is again taking speech—and history and English. Now baseball coach at the University of Nevada, he has enrolled there to get the 32 hours he needs to graduate. "I left Cal with the intention of going back," said Jensen, "but I never seemed to get around to it."

It's been 27 years since **Robert Minchum** was riding the range as the bad guy in Hopalong Cassidy movies, but he hasn't given up horses—not by a long shot. In Nassau recently to attend **Lady Sassoon's Heart Ball**, Minchum was out at the racetrack, Hobby Horse Hall, helping her ladyship present the trophy to the winner of the feature, the Heart Ball Cup, and talking about quarter horses. He pointed out the numerous quarter-horse sires and dams in the program and said he would rather be on his ranch in Atascadero, Calif., seeing to his 35 horses, than almost anywhere else. He was delighted when he discovered that the winner, a chestnut filly named Little River, was by **Fit Bar**, a well-known sire of quarter horses. "Hey, baby," said Minchum, patting the filly on the nose, "I know your daddy."

Mike Reid, the Cincinnati Bengals' No. 1 draft choice, is a serious pianist who majored in music at Penn State. "If I can't make the team," he observed cheerfully, "I can always entertain at halftime."

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The Dealers roll to a title

Led by 'J.J.' Johnson, Iowa's slick combo came on late with the acid to edge Purdue and take the Big Ten championship by JOE JARES

In all of Iowa there is not a pippen or a concern that is out of earshot of University of Iowa basketball broadcasts. Instead of a single "Voice of the Hawkeyes," there is a whole chorus of voices emanating from Iowa City, Cedar Rapids, Davenport and Des Moines, all with announcers and sponsors of their own. One clear-channel station is so powerful that a transplanted Iowan, over the Rockies in California, has been driving to a spot near his home to listen in.

The listening has been pleasant. Going into last Saturday's game at Purdue, Iowa was leading the Big Ten with an 11-0 record. It had won 13 games in a row and had beaten Illinois on the road for the first time in eight years. The team was being led by a relatively unknown 6' 7" senior from Milwaukee, John Johnson, who can dribble behind his back and between his legs, score almost 28 points a game and can also pass quite nicely. In fact, most of the Hawkeyes are good passers, so they have given themselves the acid rock-group nickname of J. J. and the Dealers.

Saturday afternoon in Purdue's 56-million arena they dealt the ball around deftly in one of the fastest-moving games of the year and almost gave their announcers collective laryngitis in the process. Iowa won 108-107 to take the Big Ten championship. It was Purdue's first defeat at home in 31 games and it came despite Rick Mount's 61 points.

Home-state interest in Iowa basketball is frantic, even though there happens to be only one Iowan in the starting lineup. He is Dick Jensen, and the threat of his taking a shot remains just that—a threat. He doesn't. At center, he does more than his share on defense, but the sparkle comes from the other four, especially Johnson, who Coach Ralph Miller compares to a previous All-America of his at Wichita State, Dave Stallworth.

Johnson was recruited out of a junior college in Powell, Wyo., and was only Miller's third JC transfer in six years. The fourth and last transfer, Fred Brown, also came from Milwaukee. A good ballhandling guard, he was the lone added ingredient to this year's regulars. According to Miller, Brown made the adjustment to major-college basketball faster than any of the other JC transfers who have played for him.

Brown's arrival allowed 6' 1" Chad Calabria to move up and play as a kind of third forward, using his western Penn-

sylvania alley-basketball background to good advantage inside. The fifth starter, Glenn (the Stick) Vidnovic, who grew up near Calabria, looks like an Iowa farmer's scarecrow who has just shaken the hay out of his sleeves. He is listed as 6' 5" and 190, but the student manager must have been standing on the scales with him.

This hodgepodge team, 12-12 last season without Brown, woke up with a start after losing four of its first six games. Before Saturday, it was two up on Purdue, the closest Big Ten team, but if the Hawkeyes lost, they would have to win their last two games to avoid the possibility of a tie. This brought back memories of 1968. Iowa had only to beat Michigan at home to clinch the title. It lost, the Big Ten race ended in a tie and Ohio State won the playoff.

Miller decided that in this game he would continue his policy of using no gimmick defense on Mount—no paralogram-and-one, no hexes, no triple-teaming. The Hawkeyes played Mount conventionally in Iowa City earlier in the season and, while he scored 53 points (Iowa Fieldhouse record), Iowa won the game. Miller felt it could again. Central to his thinking was the belief, shared with other league coaches, that Mount is protected like a little brother by the referees and gets six to 10 free throws a game he does not deserve. But Mount gets a lot of criticism, too.

"Anytime you have a boy who gets as much publicity as Rick you're going to have this problem," said Purdue Coach George King. "It's an easy factor. Many times it's done with the idea of intimidating a fellow, but Rick does a great job of handling himself."

Even with Mount on his side, King still had his worries. His team had won seven straight with a run-run offense and a man-to-man defense, yet the word on Iowa was that a zone defense was much

more effective against the quick, slick-passing Hawkeyes.

"It's no secret, we've got to win the rest of our games," said King. "If Iowa beats us on our own floor, they'll be great champions. Our crowd will make the place jump, believe me."

In anticipation of the jumping, one more radio station sent an announcer to join the chorus, four TV stations picked up the telecast and the 14,123 capacity crowd jammed into the roundhouse that has never had an empty seat for a Boilermakers' game.

Mount began as if he were casually popping the ball in a pickup game. He got Purdue's first five baskets although the referees definitely were not protecting him. They weren't protecting anybody from Purdue Junior Larry Weatherford was charged with his third foul after a little more than five minutes were gone. Mount with his second moments later, and the fans started throwing wadded paper on the floor. They were warned that the next missile would merit a technical on the home forces.

Both teams turned on their fast breaks at the slightest hint of an open space, but Purdue seemed to see more of them, building up a 10-point lead with 4:13 left in the half, then switching into a zone to keep from fouling. It was about then that Iowa got its break clicking. Aided by two three-point plays, the Hawkeyes grabbed the lead by halftime 49-47 despite Mount's 32 points, the most he had ever scored in a first half.

Miller never wavered in the second half, and seemingly Mount never missed. Back to a man-to-man, Purdue moved out into the lead again. When it was still close, a program—wadded into a ball—came bouncing out onto the floor, and a technical was called. Calabria, who had just been fouled while making a basket, put in the free throw for the foul and the free throw for the technical.

continued

mal. Then it was Iowa's ball out of bounds, and Vidnovic hit a jumper—a six-point play.

Even so, it looked as though Iowa could pack up its microphones when Mount hit his 58th and 59th points, and moments later Weatherford's jump shot put Purdue up by nine with 4:36 left. But the Hawkeyes went into a three-two zone press and started to trim the lead. Brown made two free throws, Vidnovic hit a jumper after an Iowa steal and Brown made two jump shots in a row. With 1:39 left, Purdue led 103-100.

Helped by a Purdue charging violation, Iowa finally took over the lead 106-105 on Johnson's jumper. Purdue raced down, missed the shot and Mount purposely fouled Vidnovic with 10 seconds left. The Stack put both of them up, proving that LSU's Pete Maravich is not the only skinny Serb who can play under pressure. Leading 108-105, the Hawkeyes let Mount drive in for his last two points as time ran out.

At the end it seemed possible that the errant program had cost Purdue the game. Some local partisans, including George King, thought so, and they hunted darkly that the missile had come from one of Iowa's allotted 24 spectator seats.

Weatherford added 21 points to Mount's 61. But Iowa got 20 from Vidnovic, 23 from Brown, 25 from Callahan and 26 from Johnson. After Coach Miller finished talking to KXIC, KCRG and WMT, he still had breath enough to recall this his best team, ever. And somewhere out in California, passing motorists were wondering about that strange fellow who was going happily berserk in his parked car.

THE WEEK

by PETER CARRY

EAST

"Maybe I shouldn't be the one to say it," said Penn Guard Steve Belsky, "but you have to be impressed by a team that improves week after week for four months. Pressure, we love it." The young Quakers, with no seniors among their starters, took all the pressure Columbia's Jim McMillan could apply and still came away with the Ivy League championship 71-57. McMillan poured in 21 points in the first period to give the Lions a one-point half-time lead before Penn made a subtle de-

fensive adjustment. In the second period Belsky and backcourt mate Dave Wohl started playing deep to help out against the Columbia high scorer. That held McMillan to only 12 points in the second half. With Corky Calhoun stopping the Lions' other top shooter, Heyward Deason, with just nine points for the game, Penn had all it needed to swing the pressure its way. The Quakers also defeated Cornell 97-63 to finish the season with a 25-1 record, presently the best in the country and the best ever for a Philadelphia team.

As expected, Davidson proved far too strong for the rest of the Southern Conference in the league's postseason tournament. The Wildcats closed through VMI 72-46, William and Mary 78-54 and Richmond 81-61 to take their third consecutive title. Davidson's Mike Maloy was named the tourney's most valuable player after scoring 47 points.

South Carolina, which still faces the tough Atlantic Coast Conference tournament before it can claim the league championship, wrapped up regular-season play by beating Wake Forest 67-51 and North Carolina State 85-69 for a five-game lead in the final standings. Duke showed it may be the Gamecocks' toughest opponent in the tournament by defeating North Carolina 91-83 and North Carolina State 71-69.

St. Bonaventure's Bob Lanier and Niagara's Calvin Murphy neared the end of their three-year reigns in upstate New York on off-notes. Lanier spent most of the game on the bench in foul trouble, watching his teammates bump Canisius 91-68. For only the fourth time in his career, Murphy was outscored by a teammate as the NCAA tournament-bound Purple Eagles topped Syracuse 91-83. Sub Mike Samuel tallied 28 points to 24 for Murphy.

Temple took the Middle Atlantic Conference playoffs by defeating St. Joseph's 63-59 as Phil Collins, who came into the title game with an 8.5 scoring average, broke loose for 28 points.

1. S. CAROLINA (23-2) 2. ST. BONA (20-1)

MIDEAST

Lake Iowa, Ohio University won its conference title—the Mid-American—with a tense one-point victory over its nearest rival. The Bobcats topped Bowling Green 77-76 as sophomore Guard Tom Corde, an often-used substitute, coolly dropped in a pair of foul shots with seven seconds showing on the clock, thus averting an earlier 20-point defeat by Bowling Green, their only league loss of the year. They won by holding the Falcons' Jim Penix—who had averaged more than 20 points in his previous 11 games—to only 15.

Dayton, which backed into an NCAA tournament bid when Marquette refused to

transfer to the Midwest region for an at-large berth, immediately made the selection committee look good—and bad. The Flyers pointed on Notre Dame 95-79, but the reason why Marquette's Warriors became dethroned was the NCAA was that the commotored rated Jacksonville and Notre Dame ahead of them. The Irish almost compounded the embarrassment when they nearly stumbled at Butler as well. With the Bulldogs' Tom Hinkle coaching his last game after a 41-year career at the Indianapolis school, Notre Dame came close to giving him a fine going-away gift before winning 121-114. Butler led the Irish midway through the second half and trailed by just two points with 3:32 left in the game. Hinkle ended his tenure with a 561-92 record.

Southeastern Conference champion Kentucky added two league victories: 98-89 over Alabama and 90-86 over Vanderbilt. Jacksonville's bowering frontcourt men allowed 5'10" Guard Vaughn Wedeking to steal the glory in two wins. He scored a 15-foot jump shot with four seconds to play to hold off Oklahoma City 77-75 and then poured in 21 points in an 86-81 defeat of Georgia Tech.

1. KENTUCKY (23-1) 2. IOWA (17-4)

WEST

"Our defense won it," said New Mexico Coach Bob King after his team upset Utah 93-74. "Sometimes man-to-man, sometimes switching and sometimes with zone traps. We kept Utah busy deciding what we were going to do next." Thus confounded out of the Western Athletic Conference lead, the Redskins next were knocked out of the race by UTEP 83-82. In its loss to New Mexico Utah was twice held scoreless for long stretches, 17-0 and 14-0, while Lobos Willie Long and Pete Gibson were piling up a combined total of 48 points. At UTEP, which won the championship in its first year in the WAC, the Lies were 11 points ahead in the second half when the Miners stormed back behind Nate Archibald. Archibald scored 31 points in all—fifte in the final three minutes—including the two winning free throws with 14 seconds to play.

Weber State took the Big Sky Conference championship for the third consecutive season by defeating Montana State 80-55. The Bobcats attempted to control Weber's 6'8", 220-pound Willie Sojourner with only one defender. In the first half Sojourner drew his man into foul trouble and converted nine of 11 free throws. In the second period, when the defense loosened up to cut down Sojourner's foul shots, the Weber center hit on 11 of 13 field-goal tries and finished the game with 39 points.

Weber's first-round opponent in the NCAA tournament will be Long Beach State. The Forty-Niners, 22-3 for the ses-

continued

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son, bagged the newly formed Pacific Coast Athletic Association championship by defeating San Diego State 74-55.

Pacific (104-55 over Nevada at Reno and 110-78 over Nevada at Las Vegas) and Santa Clara (74-70 over Loyola of Los Angeles and 87-70 over Pepperdine) remained tied for the West Coast Athletic Conference lead. The two meet Saturday night on Pacific's cozy court in Stockton.

UCLA won its fourth straight Pacific Eight championship with wins of 120-90 over Stanford and 109-95 over Cal Utah State, availed from Inaugural New Mexico State, edged Air Force 80-78 and West Texas State 83-73.

1. UCLA (22-1) 2. UTAH STATE (16-6)

MIDWEST The only criticism Kansas State Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons had of his players last week was that they might have ruined his purple and white checked pants. Fitzsimmons has worn the trousers all year and, after K-State clinched the Big Eight championship with a 79-69 defeat of Colorado, his players dunked him in the shower checks and all. "If they're shrunk, I'll just have to get them stretched so I can wear them during the NCAAs," said the Wildcat coach. In the decisive victory, State doused the Buffaloes with strong rebounding and a hot offense in the second half. Leading by one point after the first period, the Wildcats out-rebounded Colorado 23-6 in the final 20 minutes and, during one stretch, scored on 11 of 12 trips down the court.

The hot Southwest Conference race left Race fans with an ear glued to the radio and an eye peeled at television. After stumbling 78-66 early in the week at Texas Tech, the Owls regained their form by stinging TCU 82-73 and ensuring themselves of at least a tie for the league title. In games later that same day, first Texas A&M knocked itself out of contention before a TV audience by losing to Baylor 70-68, then Texas Tech, whose game was heard in Houston, dropped out of the race in bowing to SMU 85-80. Race's undisputed championship was its first since 1945.

Despite an 88-72 loss to surging Cincinnati, which has now won 11 consecutive games, Drake guaranteed itself a tie in the Missouri Valley Conference. The Bulldogs beat Louisville 79-73 by scoring on 16 of 22 field-goal attempts in the second half.

New Mexico State, shifted from the West to the Midwest for this season's NCAA tournament, defeated Boise State 105-79 and Utah State 104-92. Houston breezed past Texas at Arlington 102-84 and South Alabama 128-90.

1. N. HAWK. ET. (22-2) 2. HOUSTON (22-0)

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He knows how to throw his weight around



Burly George Frenn, with an assist from his psychotherapist, wins a national title

Last Friday night, in front of 15,673 spectators at Madison Square Garden, Marlon McCrady, the chairman of the board, set his third world record in the 600 (1:07.6) in two weeks. Marty Liguori won a stoving match and a mile (4:00.9) from Henryk Szorelykowski; and George Frenn, who had to burn a ticket to get in, felt unfloored. That afternoon, before 21 spectators in a great osylon bubble at Columbia's Baker Field, Frenn had won the 35-pound weight throw to make him the first national AAU indoor track and field champion of 1970 and, at least in his mind, the equal of McGandy and Liguori: "A gold medal is a gold medal is a gold medal," said Frenn, "and just because nobody sees you win it, it doesn't turn the thing into brass."

Frenn was imprecise. Some very imposing cuts were on hand. For one, there was 38-year-old Harold Connolly, who has represented the U. S. in the hammer at four Olympics, looking benign in silver-rimmed glasses while trying to cook up some evil scheme to psych Frenn out. Like he did two weeks ago in an outdoor meet at Long Beach, Calif., for instance. "All week Harold put the freeze on me with dialogue," recalled Frenn. "Then the day before the meet he walks up and tells me he's going to break my world record. And, he says, he's going to use my weight to do it with. My record was 68' 7½". On his first throw, Harold does 72' 2¾". I fouled

four out of my six throws. He knows just what buttons to push to make me screw up."

And there was Tom Gage, the outdoor hammer champion, and Al Hall, who won the AAU weight throw last year. The only one missing was Ed Burke, who, it is said, Frenn needed into an early retirement. In the world of throwing weights, you need a tough psyche. "I don't like George's mouth," Burke said before quitting. "I don't like his harassment. I used to handle him but no more. He's just too strong. But you've got to give him credit. Everybody else in world class has more speed and more quickness and more coordination. But George makes up for that with his strength. And his mouth."

As, says George, grinning, I never said nothing to him. Of course, there was Frenn's dog, a German shepherd puppy that he named, ah, Burke. And there was this meet that Frenn decided to sit out. Burke was competing. Frenn showed up with his dog. "Hey, Burke, I want you to meet my dog," he said. "His name is Burke. I named him after you."

"What?" said Burke.
"Yeah," said Frenn, "That's his name."

For the rest of the afternoon, every time Burke picked up his weight, there was Frenn yelling, "Hey, Burke, come over here and sit down. Burke, cut that out. Burke, quit licking my

face." Burke, the human, didn't do very well in that meet.

"Gosh, I don't think that bothered him," Frenn said last week, somehow managing to look like a 5' 11", 240-pound imp. "Ed kept calling me a son of a bitch, which made me know he liked me. Everybody knows any act of aggression is really an act of love. Besides, I was very good to that dog."

But if Burke was no longer on the scene, there were still very much Connolly and Gage and Hall, who in 1969 beat Frenn out of the championship on his last attempt. And, too, there was George Frenn, who was hoping his psyche would hold together just long enough for him to get off one good throw.

In last year's AAU championships, Frenn fouled on four of six. The problem, he says, is psychological. A psychotherapist told him that, subconsciously, he fouled on purpose. "He told me that I have a self-destruction wish," said Frenn. "That inside I don't feel that anything good should happen to me, that I feel that I don't deserve to win anything. And so I foul. My father died when I was very young and I spent most of my time in military schools without parental guidance or love. Then I spent a year at a seminary studying for the priesthood, and that really fouled me up. Now these feelings of self-destruction keep popping up and I don't recognize them. But Harold does. Then he starts pushing those buttons."



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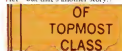
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Talk to any hammer and weight thrower and it's 5 to 1 he can't go more than a minute without mentioning Harold Connolly's name at least three times. Connolly is a father image, and a very powerful one. Frenn used to drive Burke crazy by whispering, "Father's here," or "Father's coming," or "Father's going to beat you." They all want to beat him; yet, after beating him, it's just as important that he come up, pat them on the head and say well done. Which he seldom does. Of course, sometimes he doesn't have a chance. In 1966, after a certain hammer thrower beat Connolly for the first time, he raced over and screamed, "I finally beat you, you old man." Then he spat in Connolly's face. Connolly considered patting him on the head with a 16-pound hammer, but didn't.

"I was there when the guy did it," said Frenn. "I was stunned. Right then I decided that when I beat Harold I would never act like that. God, it was terrible."

Last Friday morning Connolly spotted Frenn in their New York hotel lobby. As Connolly walked past Frenn he patted him on the back and offered a pleasant good morning. Frenn stared back. "I got Harold," he said when Connolly had left. "If he was ready, really feeling vicious for this meet, he would have just glared at me. He's not feeling ornery enough to win."

Connolly drew the first throw. He works quickly, taking about 30 seconds from the time he enters the ring until he releases the weight. His first attempt was 65' 4". Not very good. Out in the area just beyond where the weights fall, Frenn was pacing rapidly back and forth. He was the third to throw. He works very slowly, taking a full two minutes.

Even in practice, during the lonely hours at Cal State in Long Beach, the 28-year-old junior high physical education teacher follows the same routine. "My therapist told me to do that," Frenn says. "Most athletes keep changing. Then they do a 17-foot vault or a 27-foot long jump and they don't know how they did it. I break a world record, I know exactly how I did it."

First he bounces the weight off the ground, knocking away any dirt. Then he walks into the ring, setting the weight in the rear. Always at the same spot. He leaves the ring, removing his sweat

shirt. After a quick spray of his glove with Firm Grip, he takes off his sweat pants. Then, knocking the dirt from his shoes, he re-enters the ring for a brief exercise before checking the throwing area. Friday it was dark inside the bubble at Baker Field so he asked an official to stand on the 70-foot line. "I need a target," he said. No one asked the official how he felt being the target for a 35-pound ball of lead. Finally Frenn picks up the weight, swinging it twice between his legs and once around his head. Three spins and away it goes. His first throw was 66' 9".

"I want to start slowly," he said. "I don't want to foul. When I start off badly I go all the way. It's like falling off a cliff."

By the time Frenn was ready for his third throw, Connolly was leading with 67' 7/8". Frenn went through his routine, then bent over to pick up the weight. "And right there, when you pick up that weight, your life expands," he said later. "Your whole life passes before you. When I picked it up that time I was thinking about Burke and how he once psyched me out. I had an extra piece of leather on my throwing glove. It was perfectly legal, but Burke complained and some fool official made me take it off. Well, now I use it all the time, and I was thinking, well, now I can throw like I want for the first time in the nationals." Frenn turned the weight loose, let go with a low Tarzanan yell and watched it sail 69' 10/16". Then he stalked back to his post in center field and watched the others shoot for that mark and fail. To make sure, on his fourth throw Frenn hit 70' 5/16".

Connolly came over and shook his hand. "You did well," said Father. Then, grinning, he added, "But we both should have done better."

"Harold, I beat you and I don't want you to think I am apologizing for doing it," said Frenn. "But I want to say that to me you're still a champion. And I want to thank you for all the help you gave me in the past. But remember, I'm not apologizing."

Now that he had won the 35-pound title after 11 years of trying, Frenn set his sights on another goal: to get President Nixon to give a little less attention to football, a little more to track and field. Frenn was the spokesman when U.S. athletes staged a minor revolt in Eu-

rope last year. He sent a \$91 cable to the President. Nothing happened. He began writing letters to the White House. So far he has got back three replies from a minor official who said nothing, offered less.

"I want everybody to look at the meet program," said Frenn, with anger. "You'll find a letter there from the governor. And you'll find a letter from the mayor. But you won't find a letter from the President. He just doesn't care about track. It's ridiculous. It just shows the tremendous football monopoly in the White House. Granted this is an odd-ball event, but it's a national championship, isn't it? At least the President could show he is interested in something other than going to Arkansas to pick a national football champion, couldn't he? And you've got to admit, that was really ridiculous. The AAU and the State Department are all the same. They are glad to have you compete for the country, but everything is supposed to work like magic. You're supposed to appear, compete and disappear. We work like dogs in training and they won't do one thing to help us. No financial support, no national training base, nothing. And if they don't help, and it's probably way too late already, we are going to get wiped out in the 1972 Olympics."

That off his great chest, Frenn went back to his hotel. A man was waiting for him. Frenn competes for the Pacific Coast Track Club. The man was from another athletic club. "George," said the man, "if you drop out of your club and compete unattached for four months, we'll pay all your expenses. And it will be first class all the way. After four months, you join our club and we'll pay you \$200 for every meet. Now how's that?"

"For one thing, it's unethical," said Frenn. "Now, I know a lot of the top athletes are getting \$500 a meet and I'm sure as hell about it. I've complained about it. I figure if one guy gets \$500, everybody should get \$500. Or no one should get anything. And if you're going to give me \$200, then give every athlete \$200. But you won't. Besides, the people in the Pacific Coast Club have stuck by me through thick and thin. And I won't turn my back on them. So, thank you, but no."

George Frenn knows how and when to throw his weight around. **END**

Plenty Old, but little else

Rex Ellsworth could be pleased at his colt's performance, but for Californians generally there is nothing to cheer in this Derby crop

A year ago last week Frank McMillon's Majestic Prince won the one-mile San Jacinto Stakes at Santa Anita—his fifth victory in a row—and California racing fans knew they were looking at something very special. When San Jacinto time rolled around again last Thursday, many of the same people were on hand to see Rex Ellsworth's 12-40-1 shot, Plenty Old, nose out favorite George Lewis and beat nine other 3-year-old colts. Despite an exciting finish, the crowd was well aware that there is certainly no Majestic Prince in this bunch. (Two days later, officially retired because of recurring leg trouble that had kept him away from the races ever since his only defeat, in last June's Belmont Stakes, the Prince was loaded onto a van and shipped off to stud duty at Leslie Combs' Spendthrift Farm in Kentucky, where he had been foaled.)

California racing fans should know better than most that a colt like Majestic Prince doesn't come along very often. At the same time, it may be pre-

mature to label the current crop of 3-year-olds at Santa Anita among the worst of the last 10 years. Bloodlines and natural ability aside, one explanation for the poor performances is that a strike kept the track closed for the first 27 days of the meet. What this meant to 3-year-olds pointing to the Santa Anita Derby and the Triple Crown events is explained by Racing Secretary Jimmy Kolro. "Most of these colts lost five weeks of maiden races. That's about 40 races. Naturally, a lot of trainers are way behind with their stock, and the situation is wide open, to say the least." Says leading Trainer Charlie Whittingham, "The time we lost has created a situation among Derby prospects in which everybody keeps beating everybody else. We don't appear to have any outstanding prospects—not yet, that is."

Surely the San Jacinto winner seems to be far from outstanding, even after giving Rex Ellsworth his first Santa Anita stakes victory in five years. "I liked Plenty Old pretty well in Chicago last

summer," says Trainer Mesh Tenney of the chestnut son of Olden Times and the Khaleid mare Plenty Baby. "But I couldn't get him to the Arlington-Washington Futurity. He tired pretty badly while finishing seventh in his first start this winter. Actually, his stablemate Swarming Bee may be a better distance prospect. He's by Dr. Kace, a son of Nigromante, out of a Swaps mare and should want to start running after they've gone a mile or so." In the San Jacinto, Swarming Bee finished seventh.

Plenty Old took the lead at the start and simply stayed there. Jockey Bill Hartack, who had lost a head decision with George Lewis in The Bahamas after leading by three lengths at the eighth pole, this time attempted to rate his speedy colt off Plenty Old's slow pace. The tactic backfired somewhat. When the two colts turned into the stretch head-and-head, much of George Lewis' natural speed deserted him. He stuck his head momentarily in front but, as Hartack said later, he refused to exert himself. Had George Lewis run his usual front-end race he might have been good enough to last the mile, run in the poor time of 1:36½ on a fast track.

Of the others in the San Jacinto, I thought George Pope Jr.'s son of Decidedly, a gray colt named Aggressively, turned in the best performance. He came from ninth to finish fourth with the kind of kick that augurs well for the longer distances. The big disappointments were Away From Holme, who was third for most of the mile before trying to hold on the stretch turn and finishing eighth, and Colorado King Jr., who stepped so badly that he came in last.

The next time around for this bunch is the March 14 San Felipe at a mile and 1/8th, and it should provide more answers than the San Jacinto did. For one thing, we will discover whether or not George Lewis can go over a mile. Plenty Old may improve on a record that now shows a modest three wins in eight starts, and both Colorado King Jr. and Away From Holme deserve another chance. Others whose ability should be tested are Terlago, Smagelin George, Clove Hach, Whittingham, Roxbury, Prince Nashville, Holly Park, Sir Wiggle, Laureate and Great Epic. At the moment, however, it appears that the Kentucky Derby winner is now on the East Coast.

END

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Anil Nayar made the ball come alive to remain national champion

A spicy day at Penn

Squash in Philadelphia may sound like the answer to the question, "What is the diametric opposite of mangoes in Tahiti?" But it is more than that. It is a sport. And over the long Washington's Birthday weekend, when the national amateur championships of squash rackets were held at the University of Pennsylvania, it was a sport with a good deal of tang. It had speed, human interest and, most of all, an Indian named Anil Nayar.

Granted, squash has its stodgy aspects. Almost all of its leading amateurs rise naturally, like cream, from the posh prep schools and private clubs of New York, Boston and especially Philadelphia. And when you ask a squash follower what a given player does for a living, the answer is almost invariably, "Oh, investments." At Penn's Ritze courts for the nationals, most of the spectators—no more than 250 of whom could be ac-

commodated—were fitted out uniformly in aquiline noses and camel's hair. In fact, the whole tournament had the air of an annual reunion, complete with a formal dinner dance and luncheon entertainment provided by the Orpheus Club, a harmonizing group of substantial Philadelphia businessmen.

But beneath all that upper crust, considerable life was beating. One thing about squash is that in time the hall—black rubber and slightly larger than a golf ball—comes alive. In the words of Hashim Khan, the legendary Pakistani pro now in his 60s who can still beat almost anybody—"Hollow, this ball. When it is cold, it is hard, it sleeps, it does not wish to play. But you knock it up a bit, air in hollow inside warms up and pushes to get out, it becomes like a spring. Now this ball hounds with joy."

All squash courts are unheated, because if the temperature gets over 40° the ball hops up too much and detracts from the game of a man who relies upon touch and endurance. The relative multitude of the 250 warm-blooded fans at the nationals contributed to the generally lickety-split tempo of most of the big matches.

Aside from the bodies up above, there were the personalities down on the courts. Two of them—Vic Seixas and Richie Ashburn—met in the third round of the over-40 veterans division. Seixas, who has been playing squash for 12 years and says, "Tennis is an arm game, squash is a wrist game," at length wore out Ashburn, who has been playing for six years and says that the squash backhand is like hitting—"a quick wrist snap"—and the forehand is like "a shortstop's throw."

A great sentimental favorite was Charles Ufford, a 6'5" New York attorney whose canny strategies, deft drop shots and advanced age (38) had the galleries pulling for him against a series of youthful opponents. Ufford met Colin Adair, the third-seeded 26-year-old, in the quarter-finals. It was one of the best matches of the tournament. Big, balding, breathing hard and sweating heavily, Ufford took two games from Adair (three is a match) while losing one. Then in the fourth game he twice hit the floor hard as Adair was running up a 13-11 lead (game is 15). Then each player called "Let" once—signifying that his opponent had been in the way and prevented his making a return. Ufford came

back with two points for a 13-13 tie. When such a score arises, the player who reaches 13 first decides whether he wants to play just to 15, or until one player scores two, three or five more points. Prolonging the game as much as possible stood to benefit the younger Adair—despite the fact that he was panning himself. He chose five points. Ufford won the first two, lost three and then won two to lead 4-3. At match point Ufford blew a smash, tying the score at 4-4. Then Adair called a let, Ufford called a let, the ball broke—causing a further delay—and Adair proceeded to call let, let, let, let, four in a row, each of which took a little something more out of Ufford. A great shout went up from the gallery when, finally, Ufford dumped point No. 5 up there just too short for Adair to reach. Then they fell gleefully into each other's arms.

Meanwhile, the two big guns of the tournament were advancing toward each other: Sam Howe, 31, the Philadelphiaan with the build of a large mama's boy and the squash strength of two good-sized daddies, and Nayar, the former Harvard student and last year's champion, who is currently in the import-export business out of New York. Howe, the 1968 champion, is a product of Merion Cricket Club, which means that people accuse him of having been playing squash since he was 5; his strength is his classic, sweeping, always-appropriate Philadelphia-brand shots. Nayar plays Pakistani-Indian style, scrambling better-skeller all over the court, slipping low-skimming bullets with a racquet held nearly halfway up the handle, returning impossible shots with even less possible shots and, above all, going like crazy all the time.

Shortly after Howe beat Ufford in the semifinals, Nayar eliminated Canadian Peter Martin, perhaps the most fit and agile college player—outfitting and outfitting Martin to such an extent that Martin turned red in the face and cried, "I don't know how you do that! How do you do that?" After observing that exhibition, Howe—himself already beaten twice this year by Nayar—said "Anil is too fast for me, too quick for me."

And old master Henri Salaun seemed to agree. Speaking of the Khans (there are Mohabullah Khan and Sharif Khan as well as Hashim) and of Nayar, Salaun said, "They have a different chemical makeup than we do. I don't know

whether their blood is thicker or what, but they don't get tired." The prevailing theory is that playing at 7,000 feet in 100° heat with the less springy English ball day after day in their boyhood breeds in the players of the East a superhuman endurance. The consensus is that Nayar is still no Khan (he has never beaten one of them, and seldom meets them in competition because they are professionals), but he dominates the amateur game now as no one has in many years. "These American players have decided they just aren't going to beat Nayar," says Penn squash racquets Coach Al Molloy. "He's a great champion, but they don't challenge him, won't alter their games to cope with him. He plays too sloppy, because they don't press him enough."

Howe pressed him in the finals, however. Nayar had hardly stepped onto the court when Howe had him three points down. In fact, Nayar led only once in the first two games, which Howe swept—flushed but otherwise expressionless—15-11 and 15-8.

Then Nayar became aroused, and you had two explosive players dashing across that small enclosure, slashing with racquets and rocketing the ball within an inch or so of each other. Point after point, the two spun into position and stretched drastically to scoop the ball off wall or floor, not just getting it but hitting what should have been winners. For long stretches during the last three games of the Nayar-Howe match the red-hot ball never rose above the players' knees. Nayar bore down harder and harder and came back to win the three decisive games 15-9, 15-6, 15-11.

Molloy noted afterward that Howe had, as a matter of fact, taken measures to offset Nayar's strengths—had tried to throw the Indian off his stride by lobbing the ball at strategic moments. But it had not been enough. "And gets the pace going so that you feel yourself on a treadmill," said the vanquished Howe. "You wonder when it's going to stop, and it stops when Anil wins."

Nayar, a lively, cordial chap who regrets that squash gives him so little time to keep up with all the plays and moves he ought to be seeing, disclosed for his part that he would like to go on to Harvard Business School before returning to India. So squash in this country had better learn to adapt to a dish of curry. **END**

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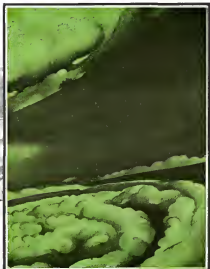
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THE LADY WAS A KILLER



When the wicked swirl of Hurricane Camille hit the Gulf Coast last summer it claimed 258 lives and, amid nearly \$1.5 billion in destruction, took a heavy toll of pleasure boats. The nightmare experience of four Sunday sailors who barely survived gives the statistics fearful immediacy.

by EDWIN SHRAKE



CONTINUED

In the Vieux Carré two men in sneakers padded down the stairs from the black iron balcony of their apartment above an art gallery on the Rue Royale and went off to buy several bottles of gin and a quart of olives. It was Friday afternoon, Aug. 15, 1969, and the skies were fair to the south above the marshy delta toward the Gulf of Mexico, but there was a storm far down there somewhere, coming up from the Caribbean, and if it did reach the Louisiana coast there would be many parties in the Quarter. The two gin-buyers would be prepared. They—and many people like them—would sit around on wicker furniture, listen to wind and rain smash the shutters and pretend they were marooned and in danger together, although of course it was deeply comforting to believe New Orleans would receive no more than a noisy shower out of the storm as it approached and passed away.

On the 14th floor of the Federal Building on Loyola Avenue, W. Clyde Connor and E. L. Hill of the U.S. Weather Bureau were trying to draw the route of this storm, which had formed a day earlier in the northwest Caribbean. By now it had a name—Camille—and had moved across the Isle of Pines, dumping 10 inches of rain on the gauges at the old Cuban prison. Traveling northwesterly at about 10 miles an hour, Camille tore up the tobacco fields on the western end of Cuba after dark on Friday at the height of the harvest season. Rainwater flowed down the mountains in a flood and wind ripped away the tender crops. The storm appeared to be bending toward Mobile and Pensacola, but many expected it to turn farther east and hit the Florida coast above St. Petersburg. At the National Hurricane Center in Miami, Dr. Robert H. Simpson said, "This could become one of the great storms, although it's too soon to tell. We can't predict the course right now. But somebody will get a beating."

The Seminole Indians of Florida's swamps believe they can forecast the path of a tropical cyclone—also called a hurricane or, in the Western Pacific and China Sea, a typhoon—by the leaning of the saw grass and the deepening green of the seaweed. The U.S. Weather Bureau seeks to do the same thing by using airplanes, ships, orbiting satellites, computers and educated men. But actually, on Friday afternoon, nobody knew where Camille was going.

Some feared the storm would continue directly on the path it took as it crossed Cuba and would strike the U.S. coast at Galveston, where 69 years earlier a hurricane had buried 15-foot tides onto the island and killed 6,000 people. Tropical cyclones that start in the Atlantic, Caribbean or Gulf of Mexico are usually embedded in easterly winds but have a compulsion to turn toward higher latitudes. The storm struggles with itself, opposing winds whirl its tentacles counterclockwise and where it will hit is a matter of gambling guesswork until very late in the storm's life. A slight drift while the storm was yet 36

hours away from the coast would make a great difference in where Camille would eventually reach the shore. At the National Hurricane Center in Miami and in weather stations all along the Gulf Coast they waited for Camille to commit itself.

On Saturday morning hurricane-hunting airplanes were unable to penetrate to the eye of Camille, which was now in the Gulf. The Navy had Constellation aircraft on hurricane duty that weekend. The old Comets operate at low altitude and cannot invade a hurricane that has winds of higher than 125 knots. For hurricane patrol the Air Force had C-130s, newer and better planes than the Comets but equipped with less efficient radar. The Weather Bureau flew old DC-6s which had excellent radar but would be thrown about like chips by a storm of Camille's strength. All that could be determined was that Camille was small in size but extremely vicious. Dr. Simpson called the storm "a bobcat." Warnings were issued for the Florida coast from Fort Walton to St. Marks. Along the rest of the Gulf Coast—Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—small-craft danger flags began to fly.

The Empire Fishing Rodeo continued as planned at the mouth of the Mississippi River southeast of New Orleans. Fishing boats journeyed into the Gulf and reported the water to be relatively calm. The skies remained clear. On Saturday morning Earl Honer, a 40-year-old industrial engineer, decided to drive over from New Orleans to Biloxi, some 85 miles, to pick up his 52-foot schooner, which had been anchored for six days 800 yards offshore from the Broadwater Beach Marina.

The previous week Honer and three friends—Charles Dussel, a 55-year-old machine-shop foreman; Frank Murray, a 45-year-old printer; and Ronald Durr, 28, a production supervisor and Dussel's son-in-law—had sailed the schooner to Biloxi, where the diesel engine quit before they could enter the marina.

Honer had bought the schooner nearly a year earlier, when he moved to New Orleans from St. Louis, where he learned to sail on Alton Lake. The schooner was built in 1928 for use in smuggling rum from Cuba. It had a cypress hull and a 60-foot mainmast. Originally called the *Al Swink*, it was now named *Rom Runner*. Earl Honer lived on the schooner and considered it his home. He constantly worked to improve it. Honer and Charles Dussel had just finished rewiring the craft. On weekends Honer would take his friends sailing in the Gulf. "We crew for Earl whenever weather and wives permit," said Dussel.

The week before Camille was born, there had been valve trouble on the *Rom Runner* outside the Broadwater Beach Marina. Honer and his crew were reluctant to bring their boat into the marina under sail because there were a couple of abrupt turns to make and many fine yachts were available for ramming. "I hate to pay for anything I can't



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP HAYS

eat," Dussel said. They attempted to get a tow home from the Coast Guard on a windless evening, but they were still under sail, theoretically had power and by law did not qualify for a lift.

On Saturday morning, Aug. 16, the four men drove to Biloxi in Dussel's Volkswagen bus. Honer's big navigational chart had gone overboard on the previous cruise and he had bought new charts but had left them in the trunk of his car. When they reached the Broadwater Beach Marina, Honer purchased a strip chart of the intra-coastal waterway. By 11 a.m. Saturday, they were ready to sail the *Rum Runner* home, with Dussel's 18-foot outboard tied to the stern as a tender. "We checked with the harbor master, but he thought the hurricane was heading into Florida," said Honer. They figured it would require 12 to 14 hours to sail back to New Orleans, and they would be well away from the breath of Camille.

They could have used a brisk following wind, but the wind was from the south-southeast and was very light, hardly enough to move the 15-ton boat. Near Gulfport, 15 miles westward along the coast toward New Orleans, a 63-foot ketch approached the *Rum Runner* under sail and power. The skipper of the ketch had been listening to Nash Roberts, a consultant in meteorology to oil companies when he is not being the weatherman for a New Orleans TV station. Roberts had said the hurricane would slam straight up the mouth of the Mississippi. If Roberts was correct, the *Rum Runner* was very nearly in the middle of the path of the approaching storm. "I'm running for the Broadwater Beach, where I'll be safe," the ketch skipper said.

The *Rum Runner* crew discussed the peril and decided to set a course along the stern of a freighter for a while. "We were pretty well committed to going home. We lis-

tened to our transistor radio and weren't worried," said Honer. They saw many small craft on the water. At 6 p.m. the *Rum Runner* passed Bay St. Louis, and by dusk it reached the mouth of the Pearl River. "We were using dead reckoning. We looked for towers and bridges, but we didn't recognize anything, and our strip chart was inadequate," Ronnie Durr said.

Slowly they realized they were much farther away from the mainland than they had thought. The *Rum Runner* was between La Petit Pass Island and Malheureux Island, between four and five miles out, and it was quickly getting dark. At 5:30 p.m. they had eaten the last of their sandwiches, and now they were out of beer and cigarettes. Up in the bow Ronnie Durr urged Honer to drop anchor because of the darkness. Honer replied that he would be eager to do so when they were closer to shore.

They drew near Ragolets Pass, which led into Lake Pontchartrain, but did not try to turn in because it is a difficult channel to negotiate, with rough tides and two swing bridges. They were trying to find Chef Menteur Pass, farther on and easter. The schooner cruised slowly along in Lake Borgne, a huge, shallow body of water that is open to the Gulf on the east.

About 10 p.m. it was agreed to anchor and sleep out the night. Honer pointed the schooner into the wind. They were receiving weather reports on their radio and still were not alarmed. But as they prepared for the night, the wind was blowing more heavily. The anchor began to drag in the soft bottom of Lake Borgne. To his surprise, Honer saw the black shoreline appear only 50 feet away. The wind, now much louder, kept driving the schooner toward the shore. Soon the dinghy was caught between the *Rum Runner* and land, and they could hear the wood

continued

grinding. Six-foot seas dashed the schooner. Dussel and Frank Murray jumped into the shallow lake. Barefoot, the two men hauled the dinghy up a five-foot bank into a marsh thick with bulrushes. They swamped the dinghy and returned to the schooner.

It was 3 a.m. Dussel, who has a heart ailment, got into the top bunk of the *Ram Rowler*. Murray rolled into the bottom bunk. Ronnie Durr was above, beside the mainmast, and Homer sat in the stern. As the weather became rougher, the schooner began to take water. The wind and seas kept rising. The hull had swung parallel to the shore, and the pounding of the waves opened seams between the cypress planks. Homer, Durr and Murray took turns scooping water into cans and buckets and emptying them over the side. Dussel hauled into the sink. Still the water crept up until it was six inches above the *Ram Rowler's* carpet.

Now they knew the *Ram Rowler* was in worse condition than they had thought.

"It's scuttled. We can't save it," said Ronnie Durr.

Homer grabbed some clothes and a few other possessions and carried them through the slamming waves across the diminishing bank to the dinghy. Murray brought a toolbox. The four men huddled in the small boat until 6 a.m. Sunday. Murray was wearing only trousers and a white dress shirt and complained of the cold. The wind had risen to about 35 mph. They turned on the transistor and at last learned what they had been fearing but had not admitted to themselves—Hurricane Camille was headed toward them. Plaquemines Parish, in the delta of the Mississippi mouth, was being evacuated, along with a wide area of the coast.

Water flowed over the gunwales of the schooner. The four men put on life jackets. They discussed their best chance to ride out the storm. There was land around them, but it was disappearing and soon would be entirely beneath the waves. In the faint early light they could see the Rigolets Bridge and some fishing camps in the distance, they were eight miles from home. But the wind and water tore the land into the lake, and the camps faded.

"I don't want to tell anybody what to do, but we ought to get back on that schooner," said Dussel.

They rigged lines on the *Ram Rowler* from stay to stay and mast to mast. Waves crashed above their heads. By 1 p.m. Sunday all four men had returned to the schooner, where they sat on the lee side of the cabin, under a canvas, with their arms wrapped around the boom. The wind was so hard now that it blew them along the deck and forced them to scramble back to their scant shelter.

"I want to see dawn tomorrow. That's really what I want," Murray told them.

Durr worried himself in what he called a "microworld." He worried about small holes in the canvas, wind on his neck, his grip on the boom, the postures of the others,

the cramping of his muscles. He was unable to concentrate on anything outside his immediate presence. "You're on your own if you fall overboard," shouted Dussel to the group. "We can't come out to save you." But Durr was thinking that he wasn't worried about death or drowning—only about their clutches on the cabin and what would happen if his father-in-law's heart began to falter.

They dropped the life raft off the stern, lashed in the schooner so anyone washed overboard would have a chance for it. The wind and sea forced them to keep their chins against the roof of the cabin. The wind climbed into a gale. The tide thundered up. Peeping through holes in the canvas, the men could see the swamped dinghy vanishing.

It began to get very dark. Water was all around them, in their noses, eyes, ears, mouths. They buried their faces in the life vests and breathed when the wind would slack off for a moment. The wind made a high-pitched whistle. Salt bombarded their faces. At 10 p.m. Sunday night, Hurricane Camille—the most violent storm to encounter the U.S. mainland in this century—was colliding with the coast at Bay St. Louis, Miss., only a few miles from where the stricken *Ram Rowler* lay.

As it moved ashore, Camille began to rearrange the landscape. As with every terrible storm, improbably whimsical events occurred.

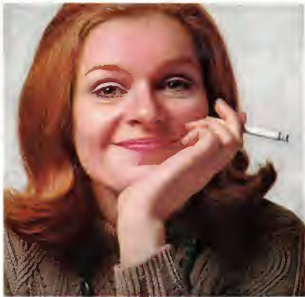
The 63-foot ketch that had fled to the Broadwater Beach Marina for haven had succeeded so well that it was now on top of the marina's restaurant. The freighter the *Ram Rowler* had briefly followed found itself beached on the highway, like a monster washed up from the depths, gleaming in the rain. The 23-foot tides carried a shrimp boat splintering into the second floor of a home in Biloxi. The back gates at Jefferson Davis' home, Beauvoir, were crushed. The Beauville statue at Biloxi twisted under the wind. A Presbyterian church in Biloxi was blown to rubble, except for its bell tower. Tugboats and other craft tumbled through the woods far inland.

The winds of Hurricane Camille ripped away the gauges at a reading of 200 mph. Water uprooted a cemetery, and unburied corpses roamed the coast where once they had lived. Near Pass Christian three trunks of carabines, helmets, bulletproof vests and foreign pistols wrapped in 1961 newspapers were plucked from a secret stash and flung across the land. The brick station of the Mississippi Highway Patrol in Biloxi was destroyed as if by an explosion. The carpet in the lobby of the Broadwater Beach Hotel was flung into a tree limb.

Shops in the Vieux Carré had run out of bread and rice as the skies darkened and the rain blew in with the revised, official forecast. On Sunday afternoon windows and doors were boarded shut and furniture was piled up as barricades. There was a dance in a Greek bar on Decatur Street, and a woman played the guitar by candlelight in a bar on Ursuline Street. The residents of the Quarter thought

continued

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the storm was a rather pleasant interlude—this was now Sunday night and there were no tourists.

On board the *Rum Runner* the four men clung to lifelines in the shrieking wind and waited for the eye of the hurricane. In the calm of the eye they hoped to retie their canvas. But the eye of Camille was very small—only eight miles wide—and did not pass over them. Instead, they were beaten unrelentingly by the storm.

The *Rum Runner* began to list, and the water started rushing out into the lake rather than in toward where the land had been. They understood that they were now catching the backside of Camille. Their canvas blew into the water and the radio and flashlight fell over as the boat tilted violently. The men prayed. "After all these years, I guess this is the end of me," thought Dussel.

As the boat lay on its side, the cabin was two feet wide, shaped like a rail. The schooner moved beneath its passengers and then settled into something solid, fixing itself into the mud beneath the water. Daylight finally began to come. It was Monday morning. The men could see that they were within two miles of Rigolets Bridge, between Unknown Pass and Blind Bayou. Camille had blown them closer to home. Remarkably, they had so far survived the trip, and the storm was receding.

The land, though, was changed. They could see bulrushes and marsh shrubs, but there was water where there had been no water the day before. A muskrat swam up and heaved itself aboard the *Rum Runner*. The animal lay exhausted. Dead birds and nutria floated past. The men began to be afraid of snakes. "We might be boarded by a cottonmouth nest," said Honer.

The coast was awash. Buildings were flattened as if they had been bombed. Gas mains were broken, telephones were out, a levee had flooded in New Orleans. The four men worried about their families. Though it is possible to evacuate smaller towns like Gulfport, even the Civil Defense Office has given up the impossible notion of evacuating a major American city like New Orleans, with its excessive traffic and inferior public transportation.

For more than 100 miles the coast was strewn with debris. Camille moved inland, pouring heavy rains into northern Mississippi, and then turned eastward and caused severe flooding in Kentucky and Virginia as well as disastrous rains in Alabama and Florida. Ordinarily, the winds of a hurricane rapidly lose force in friction with the land, but Camille retained its muscle until it reached nearly to Jackson. The entire Mississippi coast, from Biloxi westward, swirled under 20-foot tides. Lower Plaquemines Parish in Louisiana and the 35-mile beach along the Mississippi Gold Coast were destroyed. After the revised forecast—some 12 daylight hours before the onslaught of Camille—Plaquemines and St. Bernard Parishes had been almost completely emptied of people, as had the beach-front areas of Mississippi and Alabama.

From Mobile to New Orleans, shrimp, oyster, frozen crab and cat-food plants were smashed at an estimated loss of \$75 million. The citrus crops were gone. The National Guard had been called to duty, and martial law was declared. Many merchants raised their prices to \$1 for a loaf of bread, \$5 for a block of ice. There were more than 400 fire alarms in New Orleans.

Airplanes began to appear in the sky above the *Rum Runner*. The four men waved their orange life jackets and signaled with a bit of broken mirror. At 2:30 p.m. Monday a seaplane dipped in and plowed across the brown water. The pilot offered to take two of them out. "We've been together, we'll stay together," Charles Dussel told him. A short while later a helicopter came low over the schooner. Looking up, the men saw a message printed on a blackboard with green chalk: DO YOU NEED HELP? They laughed. The helicopter lowered a seat and winched the four up to safety. They were flown to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital on State Street in New Orleans and were met by attendants with wheelchairs. In the hospital they ate their first meal in nearly 48 hours—a watermelon, potato salad, ham, cheese, milk and coffee. Charles Dussel looked at his watch, a Gotham model that he bought in 1935. "I guess this proves it's waterproof," he said.

They telephoned their families. Frank Murray's house had four feet of water in it, and his car had been submerged. Dussel's VW bus was 100 yards offshore in Biloxi, visible at low tide. Earl Honer's car also was ruined. But the four men had courted Camille and lived. Since 1953 the Weather Bureau has designated hurricanes with girls' names, on the theory such names are shorter and more memorable than the former longitude-latitude method. After an especially ferocious hurricane the name is retired for a generation. Betsy (1965), Beulah (1967), Audrey (1957) and Camille are on the retired list now. But Camille holds a special place. Camille had the highest tides and strongest winds ever recorded in this hemisphere, and in its eye the barometer registered 26.61. The lowest pressure ever measured was 26.06 in a hurricane in the Florida Keys in 1935.

If Camille had held its course upon leaving Cuba and had continued straight to Galveston that city would have fared better than it did when the famous Galveston hurricane struck on Sept. 8, 1900. There were no weather reports from ships then and, of course, no satellites, computers or radar. But there were men who observed the events of nature. Sept. 7 had been a beautiful day, with long swells breaking on the beach, however. Dr. Isaac Cline, head of the Weather Bureau in Galveston, noted that the tide kept rising despite winds blowing against it. He warned that a storm was approaching. Many did not believe him. Within hours half the population of the town drowned. Dr. Cline's own house had been built to withstand hurricane winds, but a railway trestle crashed into the house and knocked

continued

KILLER STORM *continued*

it down. Cline and his three children cling to the wreckage of the house at 28th and Avenue P all night. They found the body of Cline's wife beneath the ruins that had supported the rest of the family.

Galveston now has a 17-foot seawall for protection. Fortunately for the inland dwellers along the Gulf Coast, much of the coastal front east of New Orleans is an island up to five miles wide, with a railroad track bed in the middle that rises some 20 to 25 feet above sea level, and a back bayou that stretches between the island and the mainland. This served as a wind- and water-break. But the Pass Christian area, where Camille chose to strike, is a low point and was all but defenseless.

The hurricane season runs from June 1 until midnight Dec. 1. Last year was unusual. There were 297 advisories issued on more than 100 disturbances—the most activity since 1953—and 13 tropical cyclones were tracked. Ten

became full-grown hurricanes, the most since 1933. Hurricanes Inga, Laurie and Kara all turned loops, Inga twice. Kara crossed its own path three times, the first occasion a hurricane has been observed to do that. Inga was the longest-lived hurricane on record, lasting two weeks.

But the major event was Camille. Its losses have been placed at 258 known dead and 68 still missing. Property damage is estimated at \$1.42 billion. Thousands of people have been unable to collect on their insurance because insurance companies refuse to pay on damage caused by rising water. As might be expected, insurance adjusters saw water damage where homeowners claimed damage by wind. Many thousands more people who were using Small Business Administration loans from the government in an attempt to recover from previous hurricanes now have been forced to request new loans because of Camille. The response has been less than prompt.

One of those hurt financially by Camille is Earl Honer. Although he lived aboard the *Ram Runner*, he had no insurance. Boats of more than 38 feet in length must carry commercial insurance, which is quite costly. The SBA will not give Honer a loan because the *Ram Runner* had no permanent address and failed to qualify as a home. Honer sold the salvage rights to the *Ram Runner* to two men who will attempt to lift the boat from the mud with tugs. But even as she lay stuck and broken in the marsh, the *Ram Runner* may have saved another life. A fisherman whose boat sank managed to climb aboard the schooner, where he found Earl Honer's red Mardi Gras costume and used it as a flag to summon help.

"When that schooner began to list it was not just a piece of junk," said Ronnie Durr. "It had meaning. It was saving us from death. We left pieces of our souls in it. Guys have kidded me about being foolish for getting trapped in a hurricane. But there were mitigating circumstances, and we were misinformed about the weather."

No doubt, that will happen again and again to boat-owners. The National Association of Government Employees criticized the "technical incompetence and poor planning" of top weather officials in a statement in Washington last August. A federal study group disagreed and said the warning given was "ample and timely" and prevented the loss of tens of thousands of lives. Whatever the case, it is true that little is certain about hurricanes. Seeding Hurricane Debbie with canisters of silver iodide seemed to weaken that storm last August and will be tried again this year—when various seers and mystics have predicted, with no less reasonableness than that shown by the Seminole Indians or the professional weather experts, that another hurricane of devastating proportions will roar into the Gulf Coast somewhere between Florida and Texas.

"This has been a humbling experience," Dr. Simpson said after Camille had passed. "We haven't scratched the surface in our attempts to know and tame hurricanes." **END**



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FOR

THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Despite the absence of Bill Russell after missing because of an injured ankle, the New York Knicks had a 2-1 week and won their 34th victory, 111-101 over the Philadelphia Warriors. In the all-around record book, the Knicks won only last year. The NBA record was set in the Boston Garden when they scored 24 points in the last quarter of a 147-124 rout of San Diego. But in the only victory the Celtics enjoyed all week and losses to Los Angeles and Phoenix dropped Boston to sixth place in the division. The West's leader Atlanta had three defeats and only one win, 116 over second-place Los Angeles. Within 2 1/2 weeks, the Lakers improved within a game and a half of the Hawks, Seattle won all five of its contests in moving up to fifth, replacing San Francisco, which was tied.

AHA The New Orleans Buccaneers fell from first to fourth place in the West, losing five straight games, including three to last-place Los Angeles. Denver with a 4-1 week took over the division lead behind the comeback of Spencer Haywood. AHA's leader, writer who led for 17 and had 21 rebounds in his. Rockets defeated the Fort Lauderdale Panthers, 132-109. It was the first win for the Panthers this season and the first win for Denver in five tries against Indiana. The defeat did not shake the Panthers, who finished lead in the East, but lost games for the New York Nets, 101-97 to Carolina and 100-103 to Washington. Improved the Hawks' fourth place. They replaced the Celtics, who moved up to third.

NBA East New York (2) Milwaukee (1) Baltimore (1) Philadelphia (2) Cincinnati (1) Boston (1) Detroit (2) New Orleans (1) Los Angeles (1) Phoenix (2) Chicago (2) Seattle (2) San Francisco (2) San Diego (3)

AHL East Boston (2) Rochester (2) Carolina (2) New York (2) Pittsburgh (1) Miami (2) West Denver (2) Dallas (2) Washington (1) New Orleans (2) Los Angeles (1) 2

BOATING The world 5-meter championship at Sydney, Australia was won by the Australian team, a victory captured by DAVID KIRBY, who led the finished the victory with a low 16-point loss. Ted Turner of Atlanta sailed a second in seven days with 207, and John Jay of Wisconsin was third with 211.

At Adelaide, Australia Englishman BIRDNEY PATTERSON captured supremacy in a third straight event by finishing his boat in second place with 217 points for the week. John Turner of Great Britain was second with 246 points.

BOWLING ALLISON BURTON JR. of St. Louis won her second PBA tournament in a month when she bowled 247 against Ray Martin, 217 on the ball of the 530000000 Open.

BOXING DENNY MEYER of Portland Ore. was awarded a unanimous 12-round decision over Eddie Price in Los Angeles in the South American Boxing Federation's middleweight championship.

COAST GUARDS JAMES C. BENTWICK, the U.S. Navy's youngest enlisted flight instructor, was named U.S. Coast Guardsman of the week for his exploits on Oct. 24, 25, 26 and 27 in taking the straggle into the U.S. Navy's Air Station in New York.

COLF MIKE HILL of Jackson, Miss. younger brother of the best year in golf history on the tour. Dave Hill shot a final round 71 for a 279 total to lead the 530000000 winner's prize at the 530000000 Doral Open in Miami. It was Mike's first win in two years on the tour.

HOCKEY NHL With one point separated from the New York Rangers, the Bruins in a 2-1 victory over the Los Angeles Kings. The Bruins shot 108 Chicago 5. The Bruins' goal for the first time in 10 years by the hands of the Black Hawks that won the only hat-trick in the game. It was the Bruins' first hat-trick since 1947. The New York Rangers led by 3-2 and led the West 100-94. Minnesota defeated the Boston Bruins 4-2. The Bruins' streak was broken by a 2-0 game streak against the Bruins. The Bruins were in a losing to the New York Rangers.

NFL East New York (3) Boston (2) Buffalo (2) Cleveland (2) Chicago (2) Detroit (1) Dallas (1) Denver (1) Kansas City (1) Pittsburgh (1) Philadelphia (1) St. Louis (1) Tampa Bay (1) Washington (1) Los Angeles (1) 1

HORSE RACING—Owned by Edward Meehan and ridden by Bill Lyette VENTURO (NOR) covered

the 1/4 mile of the 1340 600 Hushoff Turf Cup on 2:27.25—only one-fifth second off the track record—so Hushoff a length and a half ahead of Durney.

Calvin Farr's HAT TOWN (34 00), ridden by Charles Belmont, took the first season of the \$122,000 John B. Campbell Handicap, and Board Brinkman's MITEY PRINCE (31), with Paul Kallman in the saddle, won the second by seven lengths at the Race Course in Marlboro. Bill Turf was clocked at 1:43 3/4 and Mitey Prince in 1:43 in the 1/4 mile race.

GALLANT BLOOD (31 00), the King Ranch's first-year-old filly, ridden by Anthony Bittz, registered for 12th consecutive victory racing through a muddy 1/4-mile course in 1:26 3/8 to win the \$100,000 Santa Margarita Handicap by two lengths at Santa Anita.

An American record was set at Santa Anita when Calumet-bred QUELIRA (322 50), with Jerry Lambert on, ran 1 1/4 miles on the track in 1:38 on the old mark but was overtaken by a second and set a new 1:30 1/4 for San Diego's Chico Handicap.

BRING ALAN PENZ of France followed up a win at the grand steeple at the Buckton Hills, Weymouth, Weymouth, by taking both the victory and grand steeple at the Canada World Cup which was at Vancouver. Karl Sjöberg of Austria, leader at Weymouth, failed to get off the start, so he caught the cup when he fell on the second turn of the grand steeple.

SWEEP SAILING At the ladies world championship, in West-Min, Wey, the Dutch swept a seven-point victory with Ritsaas racing, winning race 15 months, including both the gold and silver in overall standings, which were at 1:11. KARELLINE ERIKSSON and SHIRLEY KAMM of the United States and Dianne Holten of New Zealand, 11 placed fourth time 2:11.

EQUINE RACERS The national championship was won by the second straight year by ABIL NAYAR, a Harvard graduate from Bombay, when he beat New Horse of Philadelphia 1:45 1/8, 1:35 1/8, 1:35 1/8, 1:35 1/8 in Philadelphia (page 28).

SWIMMING—KARI N. MORAN, 16, of Sydney, Australia won the 100-yard freestyle in a world record of 1:01.1. E. J. French, 16, of Idaho, beat Michigan's old mark at the championships in Sydney.

TENNIS—In Woburn, Mass. MRS. MARY ANN CHIEFFI of New London beat Paul Hogan of the United States 6-6, 6-3, 4-6 to win the women's 1000 dollar championship.

TRACK & FIELD MARTY McGRADY set a world under 2000 100 yard 600 yards at the AAU championships in New York, and Len Evans, who finished second, set a 100 yard under the old mark of 1:05.5 in the 100 yard dash. Evans and Lennox by McGrady. MARTY LIQUORI won the mile in 19:07.4 after an eleven-minute and changing struggle on the first lap with Robert Strickland, who was second. NORMAN TAIT won both the long jump with 26' 4 1/2", and the high jump with 5' 10 1/2". The 60-yard hurdles and the 100-yard dash (1:27.3) at the Ohio State Invitational meet in Columbus, an American record in the three-mile walk was set by BRUN LAIRD of Romania. Laird was won the event in 22:46, 18 seconds faster than the old mark set in 1923.

WRESTLING—RITIRID MAHEVIC PRINCE, wrestler of last year's Kentucky Derby and Philadelphia and 1972, whose sons of leg injuries, lost Francis Johnson Langdon of Ontario, his retirement to jail.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK ROBINSON, a 6' 10" guard for White Sox of the U.S. A., scored 74 points and grabbed 48 rebounds in 16 games defeated Rocky Gap High 131-25. Mark, who is the state's leading scorer with a 38.9 average, has had Whitesox win a 17-1 record this season.



JEFF BILLY and **PETER SULLIVAN**, 18, long-playing titlists from Engliswood, N.J., faced each other two 40mins over in a crucial Connecticut League game when Jeff tripped and pulled Sullivan off the court. Sullivan, 5-foot-10, opposed Peter, playing for the Caryn School in Washington, Conn., in a contest held at South Kent. The schools were tied for first place in the league with one loss each. Peter made two shots for Caryn, but Billy had an averted and scored the winning goal as South Kent took the game 4-3 and later took the Connecticut championship.



BOB WHEELER, senior track star at Duquesne of the South in Toronto, Md., set a national collegiate record of 1:10.7 for the 600-yard dash at the U.S. Naval Academy High School Invitational indoor meet in Annapolis. He also won the mile in 4:19.



JOHN HITTLER, a 155-pound wrestler from Bedford High in Ferrisburgh, Mich., pinned 26 opponents in 53 matches to set a national high school record. He was undefeated for the season as his team, the Kalamazoo, by a career 6-0 at Lakes League championships.



MICKY MILLER, 17, senior at Harley (Miss.) High, set a state scoring record when he hit 77 in a game that Harley lost 100-92 to Hamilton High. Mickey compiled 1,134 points in career to become the first Mississippi schoolboy to go over the 1,000 mark.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DOWNFALL

Sirs,

I was planning on sending you a letter telling how disgusted I was that you cut up Denny McLean (*Downfall of a Hero*, Feb. 23). Well I'm glad I didn't. I find it's better knowing the truth as the truth than seeing it as fake.

I know some people are going to send you letters saying you shouldn't have "ruined" McLean's future and reputation. I know you didn't have pleasure writing this article and, if that's the case, you may be in for a miserable time. Denny McLean is only one professional athlete who has been found dealing with mobsters. How many more are there?

GERRY CAPRA

Westboro, Mass.

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you for exposing Denny McLean and his gambling activities. I can imagine the time and effort that went into publishing this story. What a catastrophe for a superb athlete like Denny McLean! I only hope his loss is sports' gain—if other athletes can be saved from his plight by this sad story.

SHEVIN YERIN

Pittsburgh

Sirs,

I regret to inform you that I strongly object to the article on Denny McLean. If Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn had intended to make public the questionable facts of the matter he would have done so himself. Evidently he wanted to keep the matter quiet until he had the full story. All the facts are not established yet, and SI had no right to splinter them on its pages.

DAVID KOSTINAK

Toronto, N. J.

Sirs,

I was appalled by your inappropriate cover billing Baseball's Big Scandal. The scandal is Denny McLean's, his parents', his family's, indeed, perhaps even our society's, but not baseball's.

Just as the incident at Mylai cannot discredit the entire armed services, and just as recent improprieties cannot alone discredit the New York Stock Exchange, so Denny McLean cannot singlehandedly discredit baseball.

I find your obvious implication of game fixing in itself scandalous. As this vulnerable time for Mr. McLean you needn't further burden him, and subsequently baseball, by implication. I am not defending him. Your overall intent is admirable and to be commended, but formidable reform journalism

should be restricted to the facts and nothing but the facts.

DONALD S. REISS

Menands, N.Y.

Sirs:

Just when we need heroes so badly, you burst another bubble. I think perhaps you are more concerned with sensationalism than you are with journalism. Particularly since all the facts are not yet in.

Many of us still admire Denny despite his tragedy. All of us admire his ability.

DAVID PHARSON

Bay City, Mich.

Sirs,

The action taken against Denny McLean by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn has my support. Along with Pete Roselle's similar decisions, the suspension indicates to sports fans that they can be assured all is being done to keep a good reputation for professional sport.

Pro athletes owe it to their respective clubs and to sport as a whole to maintain a respectable image. If they cannot conduct themselves in a way representative of sport such action is welcome and necessary.

STEPHEN NEWMAN

Jackson, S.C.

Sirs:

Your depiction of Hubert Edward Voshen as a "two-handed better" was very misleading. Your article characterized Ed (as we all knew him) as a gambler who associated with criminal types, but you did not reveal the real Ed, a man who, in his 30-plus years' association with the trucking and truck-stop business, never turned his back on any trucker in need.

In one instance, during the big snow storm in January 1967, there were approximately 300 truckers stranded for about four days at the To-Kia Truck Stop, which Ed owned. Ed's orders to his employees were that no one was to go without food regardless of whether he had money or not. This is just one example of the true man.

I am sure his family and thousands of friends in the trucking industry would appreciate a small insight into the real Ed Voshen.

E. J. KITCHUM

Hobart, Ind.

POLITICS AND POLLUTION

Sirs,

It was with a great deal of interest that I read Robert Boyle's article, *Mr. Scroggie vs. Help the President* (Feb. 16). One particular sentence caught my attention, and I believe it illustrates the attitude on the part of the

Governments that is the real crux of our pollution problem. I refer to the statement by a Corps of Engineers official, "We're dealing with top officials in industry, and you just don't go around treating these people like that."

What I'd like to know is, Why not? Are these people above the law? Or is it that if they were brought to court and made to answer for the violations some campaign contributions would dry up? You can bet that if some ordinary Joe Blow were caught contaminating a stream from some backyard project he'd get fined, locked up and the key thrown away faster than you can say "I represent Penn Central railroad and plead not guilty because I'm big business."

C. W. KING

Lakewood, Calif.

Sirs,

In reading Mr. Boyle's article about his efforts to stop the discharge of oil into the Hudson from the Penn Central pipe, I could feel and appreciate the frustration that Boyle and his friends must have felt. In nine years of working with the Ohio State Water Pollution Control Board as a district sanitary engineer I have seen many similar pollution problems that needed immediate attention. However, the pollution continues year after year as industry's "permit" to pollute is renewed annually, without any enforcement.

The pollution-control agencies of Ohio and most other states have been administered by politicians near retirement who were reluctant to take any action. The politics of wanting to attract, not discourage, industry also is a factor in overpermissiveness.

I think it is great that a magazine of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's stature is printing articles that bring the problem to the public's attention. It will take articles such as Mr. Boyle's, as well as continual pressure by the general public, to bring about meaningful abatement programs. Keep up the good work.

ROBERT COTTELL

Lancaster, Ohio

CHEERS ON THE ROCKS

Sirs,

I am writing in regard to an up-and-coming college sport in the Midwest, hockey. Here at Bowling Green State University we have an unusual addition to our hockey team, a squad of 10 cheerleaders. Although a hockey cheerleading squad in itself is not unique there are some in Wisconsin and Massachusetts, our squad is unique in that we perform cheers and stunts on skates before every game, which no other squad in America that we know of does. We do splits

continued

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TIME
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announces the **LIFE**



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For the past 30 years, LIFE Magazine has featured the work of the best photographers and photo technicians in the world. Now LIFE has enlisted them to teach you everything they know so that you too can produce great pictures. They've put all their theories, techniques and trade secrets into one exclusive "course-between-covers"—the LIFE Library of Photography.

In 8 magnificently illustrated volumes, LIFE's master photographers show you, step-by-step, their personal shooting techniques for all kinds of subjects. Studio shots, portraits, sports, children, nature, still lifes—they tell you how to plan each picture...how to compose it...how to make it "speak" to the viewer. They discuss different lights, various kinds of films, sets and backgrounds. In easy-to-follow illustrated sequences, they show you the many things they've learned in their long careers.

LIFE has 54 lab men who develop and print over 100,000 rolls and film packs every year—for the world's most famous photographers. In profusely illustrated essays, these specialists teach you how much the darkroom can do to make good photographs even better. Cropping, exposing, toning, dodging, burning in, solarization, grain effects—all these are clearly explained or demonstrated in detail. The object is to

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The Editors of the LIFE Library of Photography have pored over archives, old albums and records to bring you hundreds of the most memorable pictures ever taken. Ranging from Matthew Brady and Atget, through Steiglitz, Cartier-Bresson and Karsh, to Avedon and Eisenstadt, this gallery shows you the genius of photography at every stage of its evolution. It demonstrates not only what the latest equipment can do to increase the possibilities in a photograph—it also shows you how a superb picture can be taken with the simplest kind of camera.

How to make each of your pictures better than the last

Each of these famous photographs is accompanied by an analysis: how the picture was conceived, the special effects used and why, as well as other points of interest. Understanding how these men succeeded so brilliantly, you'll be better able to develop your own style, your own sense of what makes an unforgettable picture.

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and cartwheel's right on the ace as part of our routine.

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CONNIE CAMPBELL

Bowling Green, Ohio



CHEERLEADERS AT BOWLING GREEN

ON THE TOWN

Sirs,

My hat is off to Dan Jenkins for his article on Dave Marr (*Golfing's Pro of 52nd Street*, Feb. 2). It seems in this great golfing world of you hear about is the big money winner, the pro with the best gimmick or the showboat. Smooth and suave Dave Marr is, in my opinion, a perfect example of the gentleman golfer and a credit to the PGA and to the game itself. Keep swinging! Dave,

GARY FRENZEL

Old Forge, Pa.

Sirs,

From Dan Jenkins' article on Dave Marr we get the impression that you think Minerva, Ohio is a back town. Maybe the population is only 4,000, but we have fun even without those big "celebs" which you seem to think you must have to have fun.

Oh, one of those "dazzling Manhattan nights" we would hope that you would see some celebrities. We mean, New York is the biggest city in the U.S. You should have some of the biggest names in sports because there are two pro football teams, two baseball teams and two basketball teams, etc. But we don't have air pollution or traffic jams or strikes. So don't put down Minerva unless you look at yourselves first. We're talking for millions of small towns everywhere.

TON KUTERMAN
JACK FICK

Minerva, Ohio

Address editorial mail to Time & Life Bldg.,
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